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SUMMER SEASON'S SPORTS

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1889.

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WAS IT IN DEFENCE OF HER HONOR?
PRETTY ANNIE E. LECONY, OF MERCHANTVILLE, N. J., DIES AT THE HAND OF A MISCREANT.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1889.

AGENTS, TAKE NOTICE!

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As an inducement for any person to solicit subscriptions for the POLICE GAZETTE, we are now making the following offer for a limited time only: Upon receipt of Four Dollars at one time, for either One Year's Subscription, Two separate Six Months' Subscriptions or Four separate Three Months' Subscriptions, we will send, free of charge, an elegant fac-simile of the colors worn by John L. Sullivan during his battle with Jake Kilrain, July 8, 1889. These fac-similes are made of fine "Silkado," in different colors, and are beautiful souvenirs of the most important battle that has ever taken place in the history of the prize ring. Price of colors, separate from subscription, \$1.50.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"JACK THE RIPPER" has been at it again on the other side of the Big Dam, and White-chapel has once again been turned inside out with excitement and consternation. What's the matter with Jack the Copper?

THE pugilism-admiring readers of the POLICE GAZETTE must not neglect to purchase our next week's issue. In it will be found full particulars and illustrations of the Ashton-Godfrey fight. It occurs too late for publication in this issue. TIME!

BASEBALL received a black eye last week, and thousands of dollars were lost because of the inclemency of the weather. However, it's an ill-wind that blows nobody good, and the Brooklynns are away ahead and the New Yorks are gradually getting there.

Rain, rain, go away.
Come again another day;
Our baseballers want to play.

WE delineate this week a scene in Nebraska in which a man and woman were tarred and feathered in a cornfield. Feathers are all right as an appurtenance to female attire, but they look better when worn as a head-dress. We sincerely trust that tar will not become fashionable as an article of female attire, for it is apt to spoil a fellow's clothes when he's playing kissy-kissy in the parlor with his Sunday girl.

THE question, "Will Electricity Kill," appears to be teasing the public and private mind all over the world. On another page will be found an interesting and learned screed on this all-important subject, which the POLICE GAZETTE readers, who have no doubt participated in some of the scenes depicted, will gain some additional points from. From it it will be learned that electricity is a double-duplex-elliptic-back-action-corker.

ON our centre page to-day we present an excellent combination delineation of sports on land and water, which will warm the hearts of our sporting readers. The illustrations are true to life, and, while gazing upon them, one might almost imagine that he was sitting on the ball field, in the tennis court, on the judge's boat or beside the ring. When it comes to truthful and perfect delineations the POLICE GAZETTE corrals the clam, as it were.

THE clambake season is here in full blast, and all over the country the circus-hearted citizens are doing themselves proud, while the bivalve is hanging crape on its bell-knob and sending around to the undertakers for cut rates on coffins. The oyster, which had a four months' vacation, is in the season—or soup, and the POLICE GAZETTE readers are growing so fat that our towns are full of bursted buttons.

IF there's any more rain in the clouds, we might as well have it now, while we're used to it. The past two weeks have beaten the record for cyclones, cloud-bursts and sieb, and in another week we'd all be swimming about the streets like dodgasted ducks. Lovers of sports have turned the air red, white and blue with their oburgations and maledictions, and the only citizens who have been happy are the umbrella peddlers, who have grinned until they looked as if they had red flannel nightcaps on. Some enterprising citizen should hire a balloon and go up and putty up the leak.

MASKS AND FACES

Moore on Mummies—"The Fairy's Well."

TOM DAVIS IN 'FRISCO.

"Shenandoah"—"Ferncliff"—Prose and Verse.

ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS.

When Mr. Bronson Howard, in full evening dress, came out on the stage at the Star Theatre last week, his eyes flashed merrily behind his glasses, and the few remaining hairs on his fine head stood up in proud array.

His new military play, "Shenandoah," seemed to have achieved success.

The large and friendly audience apparently thought so.

The web and woof of the play is the struggle between love and patriotism, the fight between duty and passion.

In the canvas you see the bombs bursting in air, the signals flashing on the mountain tops, the marching lines of rugged soldiery, and, as a climax, most im-



pressively the figure of Sheridan, riding those historic twenty miles on his night-black steed, dashes across the stage.

There was an appreciative and partial audience. Aunt Louise Eldridge smiled and dried her eyes. Abe Hummel moved around in a pleased sort of a way. The critics nodded their heads. Marcia Mayer was there with Cora Timmie. Dan Frohman and Dave Belasco sat in a bunch.

Capt. Thompson was there with Fred Schwab. Dixey, in black, strolled in and sat the play through. Laura Burt was not far from Lelia Farrell. Al Hayman shot around in the lobby. Charley Frohman was back of the stage. Harry Rockwood stood in front of the theatre, and Charles Burnham, manager of the re-burnished and greatly beautified Star, in a new dress suit and a holiday smile, shook hands amicably in the lobby.

Let's look at the cast. Viola Allen, a girl of the South, as an equestrienne, patting her horse Jack, was a picture. Her manner was pettish and peevish, however, and her enunciation muffled and hurried.

Effie Shannon, a girl of the North, was the charming daughter of a bluff old officer, and delivered her declamatory lines in a high untutored key.

Wilton Lackaye played the part of a soldier gentleman, and played him, as he plays everything, with a rare discretion and telling force.

Nanette Comstock had the gall to take a curtain call with some of the prominent artists of the cast, but few knew why. Lelia Volston or Gracie Wilson, both of whom were in the audience that night, might have taken a call with just as much reason.

John Kellard, who is inclined to have an inordinate opinion of himself, made a decided hit in a part something like the spy in "Held by the Enemy," and deserved all the applause he got.

Dorothy Dorr, in an emotional role, was dry and hard in manner and outlandish in coiffure and dress.

Morton Selton, w-o, by the way, looks very much like Dalziel, of Truth, played a light-hearted, dudesque officer with dashing bravery and delightful insouciance.

Harry Harwood was excellent as the bluff old soldier. Henry Miller seemed to me dreadfully monotonous as the lover.

Jim Barrows was rich and unctuous as an orderly sergeant.

If this play, "Shenandoah," isn't a go, it won't be for lack of stirring seen or richness of stage talent.

Boston didn't like it much, and out of pure cussedness New York may.

I went down to the Fourteenth Street Theatre the night after "Shenandoah," to take a look at Carroll Johnson.

He appears in "The Fairies' Well," a four act play founded on a legend.

"If maid would her future husband see
On All Hallow E'en, 'twere twelve and three,
Let her go alone, if the moon is bright,
And look in the well on Condon's Height."

Carroll Johnson, who used to be so good in black face, is nothing extraordinary as an actor or a singer in this comedy.

But he catches on.

His dances and songs went great with the house.

The play contains some extremely humorous situations. That at the well is especially novel and ludicrous.

John F. Ward can discount the star for fun any night in the week.

Elegant Cabinet Photographs of all the leading Fugitives, Athletes, Actors, and Sporting men, only 10 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

Johnson has a strapping figure and nimble foot, but his voice is strained. Scanlan has greater magnetism with the audiences. He catches the women and children better.

Johnson is surrounded by a good company. Daisy Temple, a plump and pretty girl, played the part of the hero's sweetheart with winning simplicity. I have already spoken of Ward.

Charles Frew, who plays the coarse villain, and Fannie Osburne, who plays a giddy old maid, were both remarkable. A. J. Muller, the young man who impersonates the polished villain, has a fine speaking voice and an easy manner.

Florence Hamilton acted fairly.

Altogether, you will find lots of pretty things in "The Fairies' Well" if you aren't afraid of venturing out these rainy nights and looking into it.

The third opening of the week was "Ferncliff," a military play at the Union Square Theatre.

The scene of the drama is laid in the later years of the war. Tom and Jim Hewins are brothers.

Tom is married, and has a very devoted wife.

Willard Hilton, a villain, is in love with the wife.

The villain succeeds in having the husband drawn as a conscript.

Jim takes his place as a substitute, and thus the villain is foiled in his first move.

Hilton's next move is to convince Tom that Jim has deserted, and to save the family honor, Tom enlists, leaving his wife and children in the care of his father, Dad Hewins.

The villain, still thirsting for wickedness, convinces the wife that the brothers have been killed. The war is almost over, the boom of cannon almost silent, and the villain is about to marry the supposed widow, when the brothers turn up. The villain is baffled and the curtain falls on his discomfiture and death.

Vanderfelt played Tom Hewins well.

Modjeska, who sat in a box the night I was there, applauded him warmly.

William Haworth enacted Jim in a vigorous and thrilling manner. Haworth is the author of the play and a rising man.

William Harcourt and Kathryn Kidder, in the audience, were especially demonstrative in their appreciation of his work.

T. J. Herndon was picturesque as the old man.

Henry Pierson was a powerful villain.

Rebecca Warren was a fair lovelorn maiden, and if she leaves certain little mannerisms behind, she may get to be a very good one.

Speaking of military plays, I may add that "The Blue and the Gray," produced by Harry Williams, is spoken highly of by our Eastsiders.

As I came out on the sidewalk I found Clifford Schmidt, the first violin of Seidel, debating with a cabby, who asked him an exorbitant fare because it was raining hard. The quarrel was finally settled and we both entered a cab. Sitting back I told Schmidt the story of the violinist Paganini and the cabman.

One day, when in Florence, Paganini jumped into a cab and gave orders to be driven to the theatre. The distance was not great, but he was late and an enthusiastic audience was waiting to hear him perform the famous prayer of "Moise" on a single string. "How much?" he inquired of the driver. "For you," said the man, who had recognized the great violinist, "the fare is ten francs." "Ten francs! You are jesting," "No. You charge as much for a place at your concert."

Paganini was silent for a minute, and then, with a complacent glance at the rather too witty cabman, he said, handing him a liberal fare, "I will pay you ten francs when you drive me upon one wheel."

I saw Dumley and Dedbrooke support that pure chorus girl, Mollie Snowflake, after the show the other night.

to a fashionable supper room. Molly was slightly under the influence of Bacchus, and Dumley and Dedbrooke had considerable trouble to hold her up. She wanted to go to one restaurant. They wanted to go to another. The night air was soon heavy with words selected from profane history. The party seemed to be as much in doubt as Charles Kent, a capable actor, was when he wrote that clever verse about the restaurants of New York.

Shall I dine to-day at Trainer's
The Brunswick or The Dam?
Fifth Avenue or Morton House,
St. James or the Hoffman?

My appetite is quite acute,
And calls for beef or ham;
But which shall have my custom,
The Brunswick or The Dam?

The vacuum says "Dam" aloud,
And urges stout and tongue;
But shall it be St. James,
The Brunswick or Morton?

I know the fare at each resort,
Is good as wants a man;
The vacuum again cries out,
"Oh, hang it! Dash it! Dam!"

I quite agree with its remarks,
And, as my pockets scan,
Conclude I will not dine to-day,
"Oh, hang it! Dash it! Dam!"

George Moore, whose "Mummer's Wife" created so much talk at the time of its publication, hasn't a very high opinion of actors and actresses.

"An actor," says he, "is one who repeats a portion of a story invented by another. You can teach a child to act, but you can teach no child to paint pictures, to model statues, or to write prose, poetry or music; acting is, therefore, the lowest of the arts, if it is an art at all, and makes slender demands on the intelligence of the individual exercising it."

"It is all very well for some of your correspondents to speak and write in glowing terms of the many domestic virtues of actors and actresses—of their strict observance of the marriage tie—but do the facts bear this out? At my elbow sits a brother actor whose years in the profession are many, and in his opinion ninety per cent. of marriages in the profession end un-

timely. Whilst I dare not believe that such a vast proportion come to such an ending, yet I fear he is right."

"It is both galling and humiliating to me to be forced to believe that 'we are as we are.' * * * Yet in truth I am bound to admit that we as bachelors are a success, but as benedicts a woeful failure, and while actresses make charming sweethearts they signify fail in their role as wives."

Meditate on that, Thespians, and put it into cigarette papers and smoke it.

Grace Filkins, who so admirably supports Sol Smith Russell at Daly's Theatre, was reading the "Peg Woffington" of Charles Reade the other day.

I remember this anecdote of Peggy which is told somewhere by Foote.

Quinn, when acting Judge Balance in the "Recruiting Officer," thus addressed Mrs. Woffington: "Sylvia, what age were you when your dear mother married?"

The actress remained silent, when Quinn proceeded, "I ask you what age you were when your mother was born?" "I regret," replied Sylvia, "I cannot answer your question; but I can tell you how old I was when my mother died."

Bertha Rice, now Mrs. Jefferson George, was one of the ladies who applauded "Shenandoah" on Monday.

Hall is now at the Casino again and Jansen at the Broadway.

Ada Rehan sat with Augustin Daly in a box at the Theatre Francaise, Paris, recently, and applauded Mounet Sully's Hamlet as though she understood what he was talking about. Miss Rehan looked old and worn, my lady informant writes me, and was drowsily dressed.

Tim Cronin tells me that Pat Rooney is a fake dancer, and that Charley Reed dances only on one leg. "There are very few genuine dancers on the stage," says Cronin, "and Bradley, formerly up at Harrigan's, was one of the best of later date."

Barry and Fay are doing a fine business with "McKenna's Flirtation" at the Park Theatre. William Dunlevy divides his time between counting box office receipts, superintending things generally and driving in the Park.

Russell and Rice don't kiss on the Casino stage any more. They do it on the road now.

Dasent, of Col. McCaull's forces, late of the Herald, says a book on stage kisses would make as interesting reading as the book of Johannes Secundus. Dasent could contribute a special chapter on the row and the mythical kiss and make up between Manola and Ondin.

Tom "Stowaway" Davis writes me from 'Frisco: "Among the audience at the California Theatre last evening was Capt. Lees, the well-known chief of the local detective force, and an official famous the world over for his thorough knowledge of the art of burglarious entry and acquaintance with eminent safe-breakers. As the play, 'The Stowaway,' progressed, he grew more and more interested, and when the burglars blew open the safe in regular professional style he was particularly well pleased."

"It was the cl-verest thing I ever witnessed," he said to-day, to a reporter, "and will greatly please theatre-goers. To see a safe blown open in four minutes in full view of the audience, the time occupied in doing the job on the stage, last night is a decided treat, as it takes experts of the highest class to accomplish the feat in so short a time. It's a puzzle, though, to understand how the management of the theatre can afford to supply a new safe every evening. But this can probably be accounted for by the big profits derived from the production."

"It was a very realistic scene, and would be highly appreciated by some of the 'Peter Men' who are living in enforced retirement over at San Quentin. They used the drill and the powder. The explosion came, and the door of the safe went flying off its hinges and out into the centre of the stage. Altogether, it was a clever piece of box work—literally 'jacked in a gallop.' To 'Spike' Hennessey and 'Kid' McCoy I am largely indebted for an evening's diversion, which proved both enjoyable and instructive."

"The whole play is a magnificent entertainment, and well worth going to see."

The theatres are over. Long lines of carriages fringe the sidewalks.

I often stand and listen to the haphazard criticisms of the passing couples.

First I catch this from a fellow and his girl:

"Donnelly and Girard are good, but Rachel Booth isn't up to Lena Merville, and Jennie Satterlee can't touch Amy Ames."

Then I overhear this from two gallery gods:

"Say, wasn't the feller as smashed the villain in the eye a good un? And the girl with the black socks, as did the dance, was a daisy."

Then I am entertained by a little dialogue between these gentlemen.

"Na; it was Jimmy Powers!"

"Ah, I bet ye it was Fred Solomon."

"Nal! Don't you suppose I knows Solomon from Powers. What's eatin' you?"

"I tell ye we see Powers. Look at the program."

"What's the good o' looking at the program. You can't read no how."

Van Sweller meets Muttonhede.

"Were you at the opera?"

"Yaas."

"Did you see Olivette?"

"No, dear boy, I left, you know, before they ate anything."

ROSEN.

A YOUNG DESPERADO'S ACT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

While at a picnic on the island at Paterson, N. J., recently, John H. Mallon, a respectable young man, who was there with his wife and child, was grossly insulted by a drunken young ruffian named John Brophy. When he reproved Brophy the latter sought to strike him, but was taken away by the committee. Soon after Mallon started for home with his wife and child. He had got barely a block away when Brophy came behind him and stabbed him in the head, then with another thrust cut one ear in two, and with a third blow plunged the knife deep into his neck, coming within a sixteenth of an inch of one of the arteries. Mallon was taken home in a critical condition. Brophy was arrested after a short chase and locked up.

The POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

A BA-A-D MAN.

The Bandit that Made Michigan Climb a Tree.

REIMUND HOLZHAY'S CRIMES.

A World-Renowned Tough in Durance Worse than Vile.

A NICE FELLOW FOR A TEA PARTY.

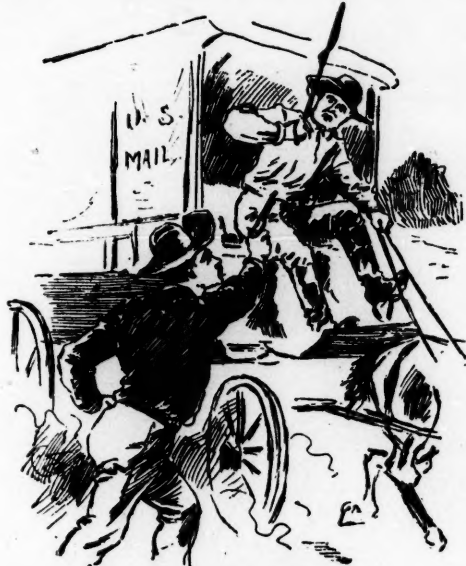
[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Michigan, and particularly that section abutting Gogebic county, breathes freer now that Reimund Holzhay has been nipped by Sheriff Foley, Marshal Glode and Justice Weiser. Holzhay is considered the most dangerous criminal, when at large, in that section of the country.

The robbery of the Lake Gogebic stage, the murder of Banker A. G. Fleischbein, and the flight, pursuit and capture of the outlaw have been printed by every newspaper in the land. The following story of the young bandit's short but exciting career as a criminal is compiled partly from the statements of Holzhay himself and partly from the evidence of those who have known him for a number of years.

Reimund Holzhay was born in Salzburg, the principal town of the Duchy of Salzburg, an Austrian province, May 22, 1867, and is consequently but a trifle over 22 years of age. Previous to his birth two of his father's brothers had emigrated to America, and had settled near Green Bay, Wis. Eight years ago young Holzhay came to this country also, as a stripling of 14, and went to his uncles, then both living in Shawano county, Wisconsin. The youngster took kindly to the rough life of the pineries, and became well versed in woodcraft, achieving local fame as an expert hunter and angler. His excursions into the forest were frequent, and were prolonged for days and even weeks at a time.

In this manner young Holzhay grew from a boy to a man. Attempts were made to compel him to work, but with little success. One of his uncles, who is a lumberman at Shawano, took him in hand and placed him at work in his mill. Young Holzhay rebelled and left the mill after a few weeks' work. All attempts to make an industrious man of him were futile, and he divided his time between the forest where he hunted and fished, and his home, where his only occupation was to read dime novels. The blood-and-thunder stories made him long to achieve fame in some manner, and at the age of 19 he went West to fight Indians.



HOLZHAY WORKED THE MAILS.

Indians proved scarce and the young man was compelled to go to work. The life of a cowboy proved congenial, and he spent a year in Montana at that work, improving his marksmanship and instilling the lawless notions which prevailed among the long-haired cow punchers and bullwhackers. A further course of dime novels and nickel libraries completed the work of demoralization, and he returned to the East a year ago ripe for any rascality.

His aversion to honest labor was more marked than ever, and he resumed his former life of hunting and fishing. In the following winter he spent several months in the pineries, and the work completed his aversion to toil.

Living in the same village, Pulcifer, Shawano county, Wis., was a family named Huntley. The youngest girl, a dashing young brunette of seventeen, attracted Holzhay's attention, and the young people became lovers. To present his sweetheart with the trinkets that delight the feminine heart he required money. Work he would not, except under compulsion, and stealing seemed easier. His first attempts at robbing houses were successful, and he became a criminal.

Robbing houses seemed rather tame to a young man of twenty-one, who had formed his ideas of heroism from dime novels, and he resolved on a bolder step. Early in February of this year he robbed the stage carrying the Government mail between Pulcifer and Shawano. The mail bag was demanded of the driver by Holzhay, who wore a mask made of an old red silk handkerchief, and flourished a revolver in true road agent style. The trembling mail driver threw out the mail pouch and drove on at a gallop, leaving the youthful highwayman to rifle the registered letters at his leisure, which he did, sitting open the leather sack with his knife.

Two weeks later the robbery of the mail was repeated in the same manner. Mr. H. D. Pulcifer, an inspector of the postal service and the godfather of the town of Pulcifer, where Holzhay lived, began an investigation of the robberies. His suspicions were speedily fastened on Holzhay, who would not work, but always had

money. Holzhay learned of the suspicion, and from that time has been an outlaw, hunted by Pinkerton detectives and Sheriff's posse in all parts of northern Wisconsin and the upper peninsula of Michigan.

Before leaving the neighborhood of his home in search of a secure hiding place that never offered itself, Holzhay robbed the mail a third time. Finding the country too hot for him after this exploit, he retreated to the depths of the forest, finding shelter and protection from the scattered settlers. Several weeks were spent in the mining towns of the Menominee and Marquette range, and then finding his stock of money rapidly decreasing, he planned a still bolder robbery. Holzhay was developing from a small rascal into a great one.

On the evening of May 28 Holzhay, armed with one revolver, and without a mask or any attempt at disguise, went through the passenger train of the Milwaukee and Northern Railroad, between Iron Mountain and Ellis Junction, securing at least \$500 and several watches from the dozen or more male passengers. The ladies were not asked to give up their valuables. The conductor of the train was so badly frightened that he locked himself in the baggage car, and it required the united protestations of the passengers to convince him that it was safe to venture forth when the stopping place was reached at Ellis Junction.

The affair created a great sensation. No train robbery had taken place in the Northwest since the days when Jesse James and the Younger boys made their famous raid into Southern Minnesota, over ten years before. Large rewards were offered for the apprehension of the robber, and detectives and posses of



THE PORTER HAD NO USE FOR HIM.

citizens searched Northern Wisconsin for him. While the search was being made Holzhay was spending his booty riotously in Chicago and Milwaukee.

The money came to an end, and Holzhay found himself in Milwaukee without money or friends. While he does not admit the following exploit, there is no reason to doubt that he was the criminal in the daring mail robbery at Milwaukee. A pouch of registered mail was stolen from a mail wagon near the post office in Milwaukee. The pouch was slit open and the registered letters rifled. The thief must have secured a considerable amount of cash, but he was apparently not satisfied with that, and in the morning of the day following the robbery negotiated several of the checks and drafts stolen the night previous, tendering them in payment for clothing, arms and ammunition at Milwaukee business houses. The description given by the merchants victimized tallies closely with Holzhay's appearance. Holzhay was certainly in the city when the robbery took place, and a few days later reappeared at Pulcifer, where he was hidden by friends.

Several weeks were spent there before Inspector Pulcifer learned of his reappearance in Shawano county, and when that vigilant servant of the Government attempted to trap Holzhay he found to his chagrin that he had missed bagging his game. The wily outlaw retreated again into the fastnesses of the forest, where he was at home, but where the city detectives were unable to make any headway.

Holzhay leisurely worked his way westward, occasionally holding up some traveler met on unfrequented roads and relieving him of his cash. Late in July his waning funds warned him that another robbery must be committed, and he planned another even bolder than the robbery of the Milwaukee and Northern train.

On Aug. 7 Holzhay boarded a fast train of the Wisconsin Central line at Cadott, seven miles north of Chippewa Falls, at about ten o'clock in the evening. He went at once to the Pullman sleeper at the rear of the train, and, shoving his revolver under the nose of



"PUT UP OR SHUT UP!"

the porter, commanded that functionary to keep silence under penalty of losing his life. As the robber turned away the porter yelled to the passengers to look out for robbers. His warning came near costing him dearly. Holzhay wheeled and sent a bullet at the porter, missing him by a few inches. The porter

The most sensational book ever published, "Bella Starr, the Famous Bandit Queen of the West," and rival of Jesse James. Very handsomely illustrated; now ready. Price, 25 cents. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

dropped, and he terrified passengers began poking their heads from behind the curtains, but at sight of Holzhay and his revolver withdrew them with remarkable rapidity. The outlaw robbed three passengers of



HE GOT AWAY.

their purses, but the confusion and noise became so great that he took alarm, and, rushing to the rear platform, jumped from the swiftly moving train. Attempts were made by the railroad, authorities and county officials to trace him, but unsuccessfully.

The haul made on the sleeper of the Wisconsin Central was a small one, and he was heard from again in a short time. His next appearance as a highwayman was at Lake Gogebic, in Gogebic county, Michigan, on Aug. 26, when he held up the stage running from a hotel at the lake to the station of the Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railway. He was fired on by one of the passengers, and returned the fire, killing A. G. Fleischbein, of Belleville, Ill., and badly wounding Donald Mackrecher, of Minneapolis. Holzhay stood in the road near a bend, and came in sight as the stage turned the corner. At his command the driver reined in his horses, and with two revolvers leveled at the party Holzhay commanded them peremptorily to "do na-e." Mackrecher asked how much was wanted, and was answered that \$500 would do. Mackrecher drew his revolver and fired four shots at the outlaw at three paces distance, but missed him. His fire was returned, and Mackrecher was wounded and Fleischbein killed. From the man that he murdered Holzhay secured \$35 and a watch, beside a few trinkets, all of which were found on his person at the time of his capture.

As soon as the news of the murder reached here, Sheriff David Foley, known throughout the West as a fearless taker of criminals, started after the outlaw with several deputies and a number of volunteers. An Indian guide and two bloodhounds were secured to assist in tracing the bandit. By the aid of the bloodhounds, Holzhay's trail was traced through the forest for nearly thirty miles, and the place where he slept overnight was found a few hours after he had left it. The outlaw must have known that the bloodhounds were on his track, as he entered a shallow river and



HE ENJOYED HIMSELF WITH THE GIRL.

waded for five miles, then seized a projecting bough, and drew himself into a tree, descending many feet from the river bank. This clever manoeuvre threw the hounds from the scent so effectually that the man-hunters, after spending three days in a hopeless attempt to find the lost trail, returned to Bessemer disheartened.

Grown bold by his repeated successes, Holzhay made his way to Ishpeming, 100 miles west of the scene of the murder, and there planned to rob a passenger train of the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic Railway. Like all his other robberies this was to be done single-handed. At Ishpeming he noticed the rewards offered for his arrest, containing accurate descriptions of his person and garments. Holzhay then went to Republic, intending to return to Shawano and remain in hiding there till the hue and cry caused by the Gogebic robbery and murder had subsided.

The details of his clever capture at Republic, his defiant bearing, and his flinching courage when facing the mobs at Ishpeming and Marquette and his return to Gogebic county in custody of Sheriff Foley, have been telegraphed to all parts of the country. The events are still fresh in the public mind and do not require narration again.

Holzhay is confined in the old jail, the new one lacking a roof. His leg is ornamented with a heavy ball and chain, and an armed deputy sits outside the grated door of his cell day and night. The old building is of wood, and with eight desperate cases confined in the building it is not safe to leave the prisoners to their own devices. Holzhay is especially watched. Holzhay has been demanded of Sheriff Foley by Inspector D. H. Pulcifer on behalf of the Government, there being enough proof to convict him of robbing the mails, an offence punishable with imprisonment for life, but Sheriff Foley and Prosecuting Attorney C. M. Howell insist that Holzhay shall be tried in Gogebic county for murder. This will deprive Marshal Glode of \$1,000 of the reward for the outlaw's arrest, as the Government reward was conditional on the conviction as well as the arrest of the offender.

The session of the Circuit Court at which the trial of

the outlaw will take place will begin on October 28. The evidence is convincing, and Holzhay freely admits his guilt. The extreme penalty is life imprisonment, and this will be his sentence, if he does not break jail.

WAS IT IN DEFENCE OF HER HONOR?

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A most brutal murder took place at Merchantsville, N. J., recently, the victim being Miss Annie E. Leconey, a pretty young woman, who has been housekeeper for her uncle, a miller, for about seven years. The body was discovered by a young girl named Lizzie O'Donnell, who had been sent to get some chicken feed. Going to the house she knocked at the door, and, receiving no answer, she pushed it open and a terrible sight met her gaze. On the floor was Miss Leconey with her throat cut from ear to ear, and lying beside her was a large butcher knife covered with blood. The terrified girl soon gave the alarm, and the village physician was called and he made an examination of the dead girl's body. The throat was cut so clean it is thought that the knife found alongside the body was not the weapon used, but that a razor had done the work.

The young woman was alone in the house, and from the way her clothes were disarranged it is evident that the murderer tried to assault her, and that she had picked up the knife to defend herself. After the crime the murderer had ransacked the house, getting about \$200. All the male members of the house were in the field at work and there was no help within sound of the girl's voice. Later on the uncle, Chauncey Leconey, was arrested in Waverly, O., where he had taken the dead body of the girl. The Merchantsville authorities claim to have evidence that he knows of the murder.

ANOTHER NEW JERSEY MYSTERY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

New Jersey launches out with another mystery this week to add to the cases which have defied the honest work of her most expert detectives. On Monday, September 9 the body of a man was found in the East Newark meadows with his throat cut from ear to ear and a bootblack's box lying near his body. The watchman who discovered the body telephoned for Deputy County Physician Rothe, who found that two pistol balls had passed through the man's heart and another through the upper part of the chest. The murdered man, who is an Italian, was identified as Francisco Avidola, an old bootblack who has been in the streets of Newark for some time, and who used to live in New York. It is thought that the Italian was killed in Newark and his body carried to the meadows. That he was not killed where he was found is almost certain, as there is no sign of a struggle and no blood was found on the ground, and how a man's throat can be cut without covering the ground with blood is another mystery. The shirt which the man wore has three holes in the bosom to correspond with the bullet wounds in the body, but they do not look as if they were made by bullets, but as if they were pinched out of the cloth. On the inside of the shirt was a little money pocket which was cut open, and the man may have been murdered for his little hoard.

FARMER BLOCK'S STRANGE DEATH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

John Block, a farmer of St. Louis, was shot to death one night recently by unknown footpads. Dr. M. Leftwich, who saw the whole affair, said that the wagon in which Block rode had passed where he was sitting, but that he followed with his eye when he saw it stop, heard a shot and then heard another and louder report, which was followed by a succession of groans and sighs. Running to the spot the physician found Block lying on the ground almost under his horses' feet and stone dead. An investigation showed that he had been shot near the pit of the stomach with a .38-calibre revolver. A revolver of .32-calibre was found on the ground, but no trace of a .38, or the murderers could be found. The police are now working on the case.

TARRED AND FEATHERED BY IRATE CITIZENS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

For some time past the quiet little village of Barnes, Neb., has been shocked at the way in which Mrs. Clara Kiler and Reuben A. Forsythe, both married people, are alleged to have acted. Of late their conduct has been so bad, so 'tis said, that the people gathered together one night recently and caught the alleged guilty couple. They then took them to a cornfield and gave each a coat of tar and feathers. After which they received some wholesome advice.

THE COUPER-BENDOFF FIGHT.

[WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND PORTRAITS.]

In last week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE we gave a succinct report of the Couper-Bendoff fight, which recently took place in South Africa, for the largest stakes on record. This week we present an illustration of the scene of the fight, photographed on the spot for the POLICE GAZETTE and forwarded by our special correspondent. It gives an idea of the excitement which prevailed, and an evidence of the interest taken in pugilism by our far-away friends.

WHERE IS DR. DOWNING?

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The citizens of Haddam, Kan., would like to know the address of Dr. William Downing, who lived in that place for a short time, and if it does not trouble him too much they would like him to send them his post office locality, so that they can collect the bills he left behind him.

A POPULAR GENTLEMAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

P. Murphy, the popular Montreal, Can., racer and newsdealer, was born in Canada in 1864. He is 5 feet 8 inches in height and weighs 140 pounds. Mr. Murphy has won numerous races and has made very fast time. He is a fine lacrosse player, and has many admirers socially and professionally.

A BASEBALL BACKER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In another column we present a portrait of J. H. Leener manager and backer of the Leoti, Kan., baseball club. He is one of the most widely-known sports in western Kansas, and it is by his push and exertions that he has made the club what it is.

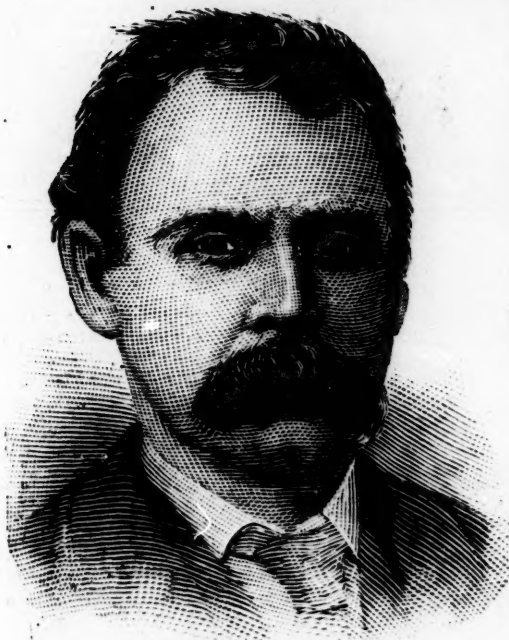
Elegant Colored Cabinet Photographs of Actresses, Sings, &c., &c., \$1.50 per dozen. No order received for less than one dozen. RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.



WITTY BILLY FLORENCE,
A MOST POPULAR AND GENIAL COMEDIAN WHOSE NAME AND FAME ARE KNOWN
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.



A TRIANGULAR FIGHT.
THREE PRETTY WOMEN OF CINCINNATI, OHIO, HAVE A SCRAPPING MATCH IN
"THE ABBEY" WITH NO SERIOUS RESULTS.



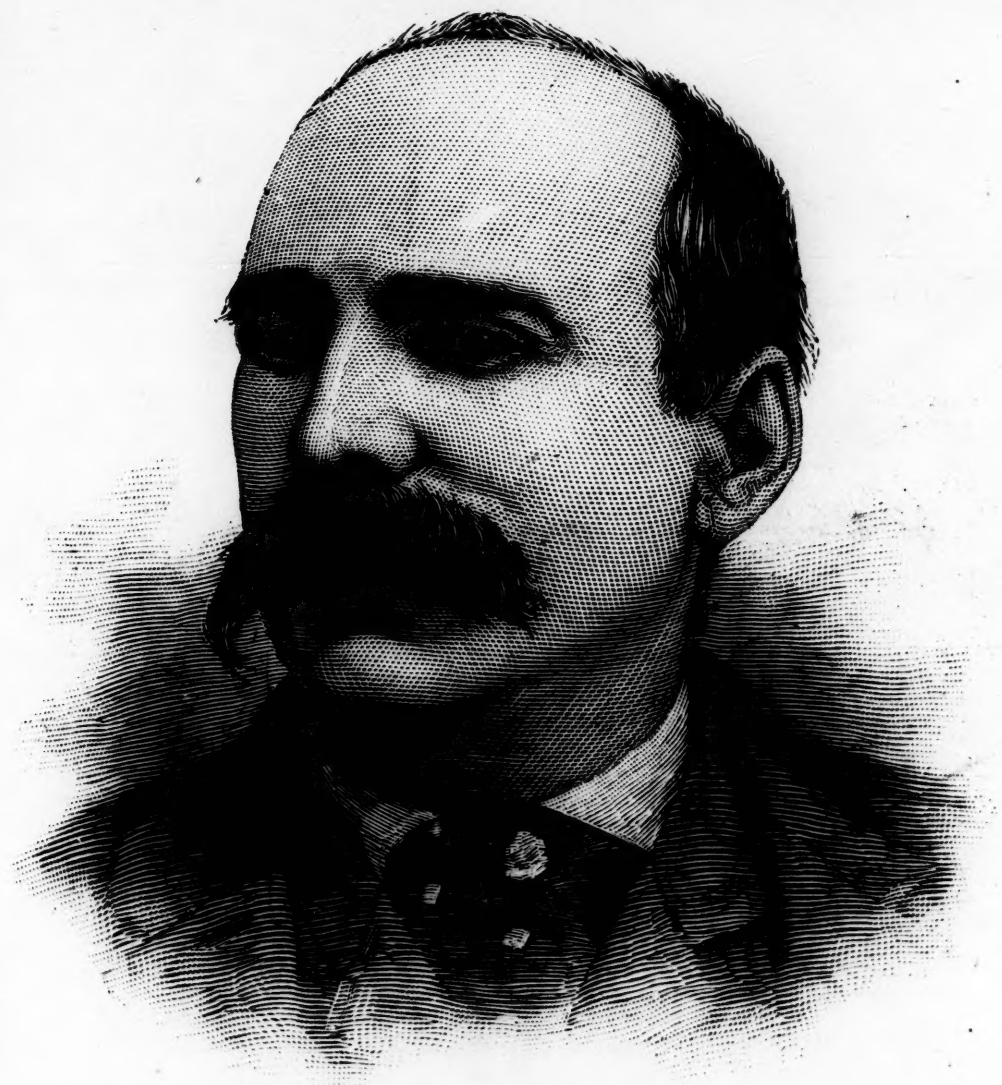
A "STOWAWAY" BANK-CRACKER.
"SPIKE" HENNESSY WHO NIGHTLY, ON THE
STAGE, GETS AWAY WITH A FAT BOODLE.



ANOTHER BANK-CRACKER.
"KID" MCCOY WHO ROBS A SAFE RIGHT IN THE
PRESENCE OF DELIGHTED AUDIENCES.



SHE WARBLER SWEETLY, EGAD!
PRETTY AND POPULAR MARION MANOLA OF COL. MCCAULL'S OPERATIO FORCES.



A TEXAN CHIEF.
J. B. ARTHUR, THE HEAD, BRAINS AND BRAWN OF THE ROCKDALE, LONE
STAR STATE, POLICE FORCE.



A BOLD BAD MAN.

EDMUND HOLZMAY THE BANDIT, WHO HELD FULL SWAY IN MICHIGAN UNTIL HIS RECENT CAPTURE.



WHERE IS DR. DOWNING?

THAT'S THE CONUNDRUM THAT THE CITIZENS OF HADDAM, KANSAS, ARE BULGING ON EACH OTHER.



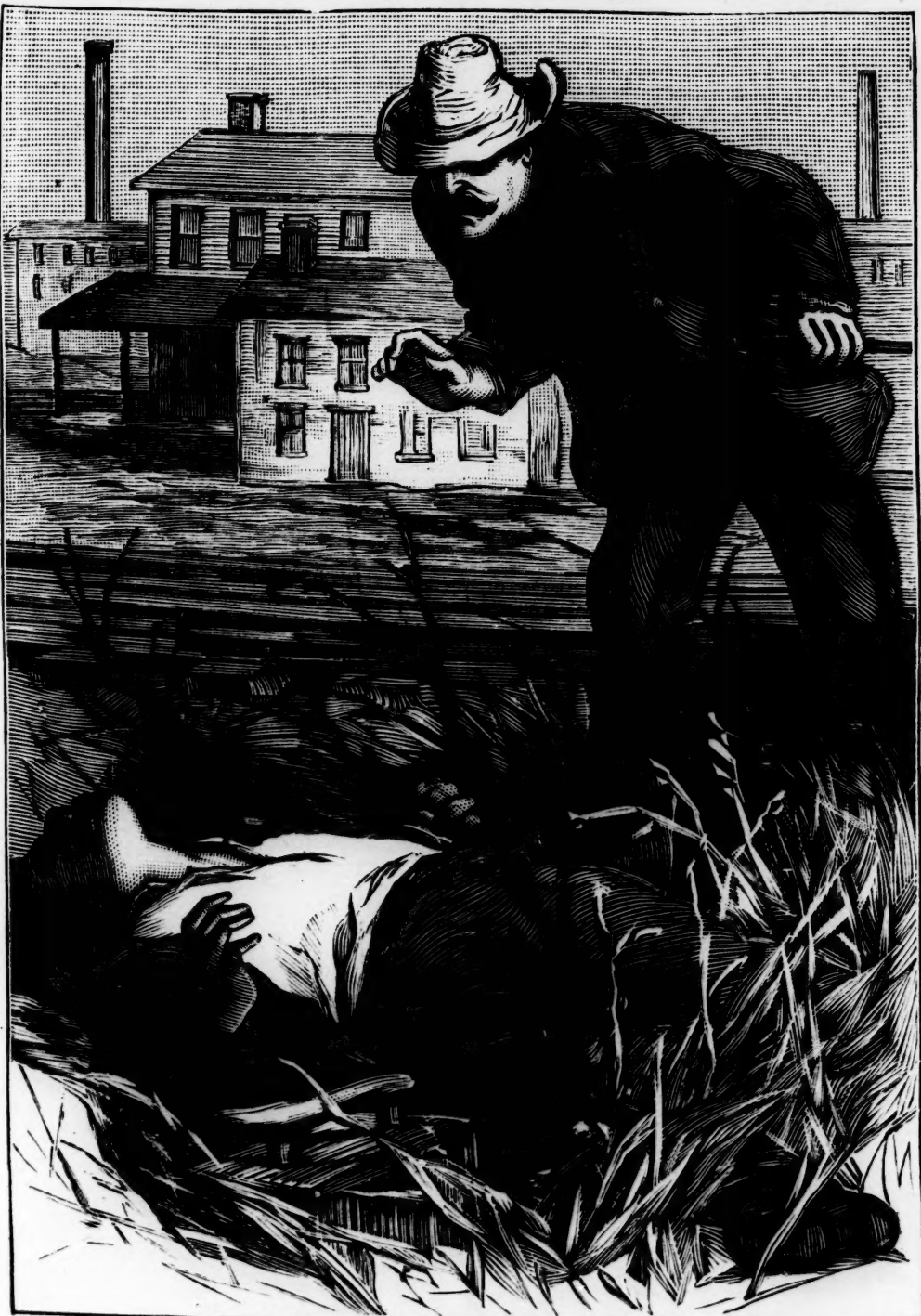
FARMER BLOCK'S STRANGE DEATH.

A RESPECTED ST. LOUIS CITIZEN WHO WAS MURDERED IN SIGHT OF A FRIEND, BUT THE MURDERER ESCAPED.



CELTS AND SLAV COLLIDE.

DIFFERENT NATIONALITIES OF MILL HANDS IN NEWCASTLE, DELAWARE, HAVE A GUNNING MATCH AND SEVERAL ARE INJURED.



ANOTHER NEW JERSEY MYSTERY.

WHO KILLED FRANCISCO AVIDOIS, AND HOW DID HIS DEAD BODY GET WHERE IT WAS FOUND ON NEWARK MEADOWS?



TARRED AND FEATHERED BY IRATE CITIZENS.

MRS. CLARA KILER AND REUBEN A. FORSYTHE OF BARNESTON, NEB., MALTREATED BECAUSE OF ALLEGED EVIL DEEDS.

"TWELVE!"

Is Murderer Jack the Ripper
Again at His Work
of Butchery?

ANOTHER GHASTLY DISCOVERY.

The Body of Another Horribly Mu-
tilated Woman found by
the Authorities.

WHITECHAPEL'S LATEST HORROR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]
"Jack the Ripper" is at work again.
A few weeks ago the POLICE GAZETTE gave a full ac-
count, with sketches of the latest Whitechapel mur-
der, in which the now famous Jack the Ripper is sup-
posed to have been most deeply interested.
The victim in the case referred to was Alice Macken-



A WHITECHAPEL BEAUTY.

zie, a woman of the lower class, who was found mur-
dered and horribly mutilated almost within shadow
of a police station.

Following so closely in the wake of the last of the
ten preceding murders laid at Jack the Ripper's door,
it can be imagined that it caused great excitement, not
only in the Whitechapel district, but throughout Lon-
don, and, indeed, the whole civilized world. The ex-
citement had scarcely abated when, on Sept. 10, Lon-
don was again startled by the announcement that still
another crime, of the same nature, had been perpe-
trated in the same district.

At 5:30 o'clock on the morning mentioned a police-
man found the body of a fallen woman lying at the
corner of a railway arch on Cable street, Whitechapel.
An examination of the remains showed that the head
and legs had been cut off and carried away and the
stomach ripped open, the intestines lying on the
ground. A cordon of police instantly surrounded the
spot, but no arrests were made. Policemen passed the
spot every fifteen minutes. Those on duty on the pre-
vious night say they saw nothing suspicious.

The physicians who examined the body say that in
their opinion the murder and mutilation occupied
nearly an hour.

The murder was the worst of the whole series of



DETECTIVES SEARCHING THE SLUMS.

Whitechapel murders. The manner in which the
limbs had been severed from the body showed that the
murderer was possessed of some surgical skill. The
woman was about thirty years old. Her clothing was
shabby, and she was evidently a hard drinker. The
remains have not been identified.

The most intense excitement again prevails in White-
chapel. Crowds surrounded the mortuary in which
the body lay.

Later details concerning the finding of the body show
that there was no blood on the ground where the body
was found; neither was there any blood on the body.
From this it is evident that the murder was committed
in some other place, and that the body was subse-
quently deposited under the railway arch. The trunk
was nude. A rent and bloody chemise was found lying
near the body. The arms were intact, but the legs
were missing. It is believed that the woman had been
dead for two days.

Three sailors who were sleeping under the arch next
to the one under which the body was found were taken
into custody by the police. They convinced the au-
thorities, however, that they had seen or heard nothing
of a suspicious nature, and they were discharged.
And there is added another mystery to the crimes of
the alleged villainous Jack.

The readers of the POLICE GAZETTE will perhaps re-



THE BODY IN THE SACK.

member that when the first body was found a note was
found pinned to the body which stated that the perpe-
trator of the horrible crime would not rest content un-
til he had finished fifteen victims.

The last is "Number 12" and three yet remain.
The strange thing about the case is that all of the
twelve found have belonged to the abandoned class of
women who have their headquarters in and about
Whitechapel. As a consequence the greatest degree of
excitement prevails among this class of women, and
they are well nigh panic stricken, each fearing that she
will be the next.

The police have used every effort to apprehend the
criminal, but, as has been stated, no result has been
attained up to the time of going to press of the POLICE
GAZETTE.

By many it is supposed that the last find was the re-



REMOVING THE CADAVR.

sult of a ghastly joke of medical students who had
dissected portions of the body for analysis and then
placed the trunk where it could be found by the au-
thorities.

CELTS AND SLAVS COLLIDE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A bloody riot took place near Newcastle, Del., recent-
ly, between two different factions of mill hands, one
known as the "Slavs" and the other as the "Celts." All
the hands are employed by the Delaware Rolling Mills
and by the Tasker & Co. Pipe Mills. The trouble which
led to the battle was a fight in a saloon, during which
a Slav had to stab a man to get away. The Celts gathered
about forty of their men and declared they would
clean the Slavs out. They marched through the quar-
ters occupied by the foreigners, throwing clubs and
stones wherever one of their enemies appeared. Fail-
ing to find any Slav on the street, they deliberately
began to batter in the doors and windows of the houses
occupied by them. A dozen doors and windows were
smashed in and the occupants of the houses beaten
and driven out. During the fight shotguns and pistols
were used, and after all was over it was found that
one was killed and eight injured.

CUT HER THROAT WITH A RAZOR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. T. T. Jeannot, wife of the oldest jeweler at
Youngstown, Ohio, committed suicide at the family
residence recently by cutting her throat with a razor.
When found by her husband she was lying in bed with
life extinct and a razor tightly grasped in her right
hand. The deceased was forty-five, and leaves a hus-
band and two children. She had been in ill-health,
and it is supposed this prompted self-destruction.

BURGULARS' CONSUMMATE GALL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

One night recently Mrs. Babcock, a widow living at
No. 535 Park avenue, Omaha, Neb., heard water run-
ning in the bathroom. Going to the apartment she
found two strangers in the tub, performing their ab-
ominations. They commanded her to keep quiet, and fin-
ished their bath. They then ransacked the house, but
left without taking anything.

Send 25 cents for the Whitechapel Murders, containing a his-
tory of those mysterious crimes which have baffled the London
police. Finely illustrated. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Frank-
lin Square, New York.

PAT BESTED.

Joe McAuliffe Downs Killen
in Seven Rounds.

A FIERCE BUT SHORT BATTLE.

The Treat Witnessed by the Golden
Gate Club on September 11.

A DANDY CALIFORNIA MILL.

Joe McAuliffe, the ex-champion heavy-weight of the
Pacific Slope, downed Pat Killen, champion heavy-
weight of the Northwest, in the rooms of the Golden
Gate Athletic Club, San Francisco, on September 11.

The fight was under Queensberry rules for a purse
of \$2,500. McAuliffe weighed about 233 pounds and

was seconded by Paddy Ryan and Con Riorden.
Killen tipped the scales at 195 pounds. Prof.
Anderson and Dave Campbell acted as his
seconds. The fight continued for six rounds
and part of a seventh, as follows:

ROUND 1—Both men
entered with their lefts,
but landed short. Killen
guarded himself well and McAuliffe
found no opening. Mc-

Auliffe got in the first
blow, a left-hander on
the ribs, and after some
feinting a right-hander on
the jaw.

2—Exchanges were few, and they parted about even.
McAuliffe, however, landed a hard right-hander on
Pat's ear.

3—McAuliffe made two hard rushes, forcing Killen
into his corner and punishing him about the head.

4—Little was done, both men sparring for an opening.

5—McAuliffe drove Killen into his corner, upper
cutting him sharply. Killen returned with a rush, but
McAuliffe clinched. The round ended with a blow that
dazed Killen, but McAuliffe did not follow up his ad-
vantage.

6—McAuliffe drove Killen around the ring, guarding
himself well meantime. Killen made a few fruitless
rushes and McAuliffe hit him on the ear, sending him
to the floor.

7—McAuliffe rushed Killen against the ropes, and the
latter bent down, still clinging to the ropes. While in
this position McAuliffe gave him an upper cut with his
left. Killen fell on his knees, and immediately the
room was in a tumult.

Killen's seconds and friends leaped to their feet with
cries of "Foul!"

Killen remained on his knees till the ten seconds had
expired. It was several minutes before order was re-
stored, and the referee then decided that there had
been no foul, that Killen was not down when McAu-
liffe struck him.

McAuliffe was thereupon declared winner. He had
been the only one to secure a knockdown blow and the
only one to draw blood.

McAuliffe's RECORD.

Joe McAuliffe is about 26 years of age, stands 6 feet 3
inches in height and weighs 212 pounds. The first vic-
tory McAuliffe gained was his defeat of Paddy Ryan.
McAuliffe knocked the once famous Trojan giant out
easily, and sporting men at the Golden Gate at once
booked him for a cham-
pion.

McAuliffe was
dubbed the "Frisco
Giant," and his many
admirers began to look
over the prize ring
checker-board for one
of the many heavy-
weights to pit him
against. Frank Glover,
of Chicago, who had at
one time held his own
in a fist encounter
with Paddy Ryan and
on several occasions
had displayed great
promise as a heavy-
weight, agreed to journey to the Pacific Slope and
meet the "Frisco Giant."

McAuliffe's racing colors were again in front, for,
after a stubborn battle, he managed to send the
Chicago pugilist into a stage of dizziness and then
knock him, to use the vernacular, dead. McAuliffe's
victory over Glover gave him, another boom, and the
followers of the giant agreed to match him against any
pugilist in America. Mike Conley, the Ithaca Giant, of
Ashland, Wis., who had gained fame in the orthodox
twenty-four-foot ring, challenged McAuliffe to battle
for \$2,500 a side, and his partner and backer, J. D.
Hayes, of Ashland, Wis., agreed to find the sinews of
war for a meeting between the giants. The California
Athletic Club, however, threw cold water on the match
by offering a purse of \$2,500 for McAuliffe and Conley
to battle for. The contest was decided on the Pacific
Slope, and McAuliffe easily conquered the Ithaca
Giant, who was neither in condition nor acclimated.

After McAuliffe had defeated Conley he offered to
contend in the arena against any man in the world.
Peter Jackson, the black champion of Australia, in the
meantime arrived at the Pacific Coast, and after the
latter had defeated George Godfrey, Jackson proposed
to meet the "Frisco Giant." The California Athletic
Club offered a purse of \$3,000. The black champion
proved a Waterloo for the "Frisco Giant," for, after a
long and stubborn battle, Jackson knocked the Cal-
ifornia giant out, and there was weeping, wailing and
gnashing of teeth among the sporting fraternity, who
lost thousands on the champion's defeat.

McAuliffe got even for his defeat by Jack on May
22 last, by polishing off the redoubtable Tom Lees in

eight rounds, at the Golden Gate Club, San Fran-
cisco.

KILLER'S RECORD.

Pat Killen was born at Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 25,
1862. Killen stands 6 feet 1 inch in height, his mea-
surements being: chest, 43 inches; biceps, 16½ inches;
forearm, 14½ inches; thigh, 24 inches; calf, 17 inches,
and he weighs in condition 193 pounds. It was at the
Quaker City that he first donned the mittens with
which he became expert, and was champion of the
police force, of which he was a member for two years.
He figured in several local events and gained quite a
reputation. Among the men he met are Hual H. Stod-
dard, at the Club Theatre, Philadelphia, whom he
knocked out in one round; Jack Morris, at Chicago, 2
rounds; Pat McCue, same place, 4 rounds; Dick Burke,
Grand Rapids, 1 round; George Gray, Louisville, 2
rounds; Joe Lannon, who was defeated by Jake
Kilrain, was matched against Killen at St. Paul
three years ago; in the second round Killen broke

his hand, but stopped Lannon in the ninth
round, a complete knock-out. Knocked out John
Hughes, an easy mark, at Cincinnati, in 1 round;
Mike Smith in 2 rounds, Bill Jordan in 3 rounds, both
at the same place; Jim Brady, of Fargo, Dakota, who
beated Patsy Cardiff, he knocked out in 2½ minutes, at
Milwaukee; Del Stoker, of Eau Claire, Wis., succumb-
ed in 2 rounds; Mike Haley, of Omaha, in 1 round; met
Mervine Thompson at Cleveland, and after knocking
him down four or five times, and Thompson being car-
ried to his corner insensible, the crowd made a free
fight of it, and the referee declared Thompson the
winner. Knocked out Dan Donnelly at St. Paul in 1½
rounds; Capt. Jas. C. Daly, of Minneapolis, in 2 rounds;
Patsy Mellin, same place, 3 rounds. Paddy McDonald,
of Duluth, managed to stay 4 rounds by doing the T-
Wilson act. Another match was arranged; Killen frac-
tured his left arm in the third round, but managed to
put McDonald to sleep in the sixth, breaking his jaw
and laying him up for about three weeks. Killen's

latest matches were with O. H. Smith, who he knocked
out at Duluth in 1½ rounds, and Duncan C. McDonald,
the heavy-weight champion of the Northwest Territo-
ries, in 2 minutes 46 seconds. June 28, 1888, at Minne-
apolis, Minn., he whipped Patsy Cardiff in 4 rounds.

A SOUVENIR OF THE GIDDY SEASON.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The giddy and festive sporting season, so far as out-
door athletics is concerned, is fast drawing to a
close, and soon baseball, yachting, rowing, mills on
the turf, etc., will be relegated to temporary retire-
ment, to give way to such sports as can only be en-
joyed indoors, because of the briskness and previous-
ness of that rare old kicker, Jack Frost. As a souvenir
of the fast-departing season, our artist has, this week,
presented the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE with a
double-page illustration of the scenes that tried men's
souls and pocketbooks when glorious summer was
roosting in our midst. The scenes are all familiar
ones, and our readers can no doubt stick a pin through
the one that struck their pocket with the greatest ve-
hement.

Which one, reader, did you come the nearest going
broke on?

BRAVE IDA WILLIAMS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Ida Williams, step-daughter of General John S.
Williams, discovered a burglar in the family residence
at Mt. Sterling, Ky., one night recently. She snatched
a revolver at him three times, frightening him off, but
not before he had taken a fine diamond pin belonging
to Mrs. Madge Bidley of Mt. Pleasant, Tenn. He had
also got two valises that contained about \$10,000 worth
of valuables, but he left them on the porch.

A SILVER-VOICED BARITONE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

George Diamond is one of the best baritone singers
on the variety stage of the Western country. He is
well known in all the theatres of the West and his
songs are very popular. His portrait is presented else-
where.

BOXING AND HOW TO TRAIN. Fully illustrated. Now ready.
Price, 25 cents. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square,
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to Mrs. Madge Bidley of Mt. Pleasant, Tenn. He had
also got two valises that contained about \$10,000 worth
of valuables, but he left them on the porch.

A SILVER-VOICED BARITONE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

George Diamond is one of the best baritone singers
on the variety stage of the Western country. He is
well known in all the theatres of the West and his
songs are very popular. His portrait is presented else-
where.

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Price, 25 cents. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square,
New York City.

WILL IT KILL?

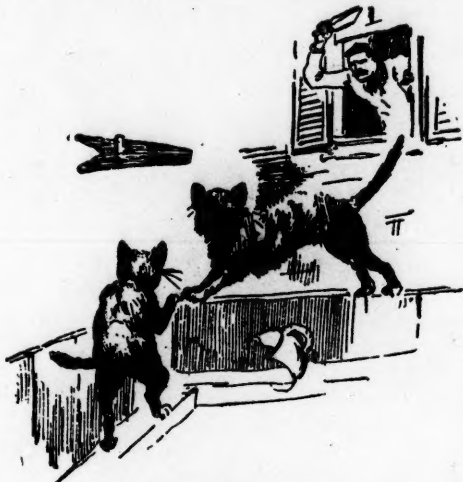
A Screech of Interest to
Those Contemplating
Homicide.

ELECTRICITY DISSECTED.

The "Police Gazette" Fiend Tells the
Universe What He Thinks
He Knows About It.

MURDERERS, YOUR ATTENTION!

The subject of electricity, as a crowder-out of the human species, has called forth open-mouthed expressions of opinion of the press, the public, the pulpit and the plebeians of the national bailiwick, and has opened up any number of heretofore unsuspected gas-wells all over the public domain. From Maine to



THE ELECTRIC CAT.

Omega and from Alpha to Dakota have come opinions regarding the efficiency or otherwise of the fluid as a vital-spark-annihilator, and, for the purpose of ascertaining the true inwardness, so to speak, of electricity, I took the trouble to interview several experts on the volt question.

In my meanderings I scoured up the following, as the result of my investigations:

Electricity has been known to prepare, for obituary notices, any number of felines of the Thomas and Mariar gender. As is well known, Thomas and Mariar are in the habit of holding their Germans on the garden wall. The wall is a non-conductor, while the surrounding gloaming is a good conductor, just, for all the world, like the gentleman on the back stoop of a car, who turns in all of his receipts to the company for the president to go glimmering with. Now, with these facts visible to the naked eye, we are ready for the rest, as the poet says. Ask anybody who has seen



OVER THE FENCE THE LICK'S OUT.

a Thomas or Marie holding their twelve o'clock tea on the garden wall, and he will tell you that the felines are as full as a pay-day head of electricity. Their hair stands out as straight as a royal flush in poker, and they sound like harpsichords. This is caused by the wind blowing through their whiskers and the fiddle-strings, alias cat-gut, with which they are lined. The electricity in their bodies attracts bootjacks, oburgations and other boudoir bric-a-brac, and this results in their death. As nobody could ever be found who had killed a neighbor's cat, it is only fair to believe that the electricity in the cat opened all of the adjoining windows, drew out the aforesaid bootjacks, oburgations and other boudoir bric-a-brac, and thus killed the cat which was found in the demesne the next A. M. This is one proof that electricity will kill if there are no switch-boards in the interim.

In order to properly dispatch a murderer, or other person who doesn't love his neighbor as himself, the executioner should wear a heavy pair of leather boots. Nothing is so conducive to the proper dissemination of electricity than a heavy pair of leather boots.

Purists may say that "a pair of heavy leather boots" would be a more correct way, as it were, of expressing the idea, but as it is my idea, and as I paid for my

pencil and paper, perhaps the purists better leave me alone or I may tell what the woman on the second flat knows about them.

As I remarked in the last stanza of my refrain, heavy leather boots are extremely conducive to the dissemination of electricity. And here a strange proposition arises. Notwithstanding the fact that a garden-wall cat is so deadly and contains only 1,500 volts, a pair of heavy leather boots is not half as deadly, although they may be constructed from the overalls of the self-same cat, and although the shock is nineteen centimetres greater.

I remember that I was once stricken with a heavy leather boot so earnestly that the jar broke the crystal of my watch and hung my hat so far up on my spine that I was compelled to stand on my own shoulders to



A HOME RUN.

reclaim it, and yet I was not killed. I will leave it to my tailor and habit maker if I was killed. I have also affidavits from other tradesmen that I was imperiously alive for several years thereafter, and that I may be living yet for all they know.

Any number of lovers throughout the wild, vivid world will agree with me that the shock from a heavy leather boot, while it jars the person, has not a deadly, fatal effect.

Speaking of cats, which the reader will perhaps remember I did speak of further up, reminds me that owls also contain almost sufficient electricity to kill. A gentleman of my acquaintance once had a symposium with an owl which nearly mutilated him unto death. He was on 'Change (or, to be more particular, off change) and one day a happy idea struck him that he could gather in a big harvest by playing owls for a place. He had been out with the boys until he had to take a Turkish bath and run his head through a clothes wringer before he could get it through the cellar coal hole, which was his usual *sub rosa* modus operandi of progressing into his home. What he saw there will be



IT MONKEYED WITH A MULE.

better understood later on. In the morning he proceeded to his wife's chamber and startled her by announcing that he had captured a big white owl; that he had been in the cellar all night watching it; that he could sell it for \$50 and that he wanted \$10 with which to box it up and send it to the Smithsonian Institute.

He received the \$10 and "went out for a box." He returned that afternoon with a ten-cent box, and largely impregnated with an odor of sanctity and beer. Then he insisted upon his wife and the servants going down cellar and helping him corral the owl. They took a blanket with them and tiptoed it down the cellar stairs. There were the owl's big eyes over in the dark, boogaboo corner. The wife rushed up to it and slammed the blanket around it. Then the cellar began to get on fire via the blanket and the wife. The "owl" was a lantern which the plumbers had left in the cellar, and the electricity which struck my friend when his wife got better singed all his hair off.

Any of the above methods could be tried on a mal-



HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE!

feaser with, probably, beneficial results to the methods.

There is also considerable electricity in a bulldox. A large, open-faced, stem-winding bulldox has been known to contain so much electricity that it has

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knocked a young man half across the county line or shocked him up a tree and kept him there all night.

Glass is also a good conductor. A schooner, for instance, of Jersey electricity has been known to corrugate a man's head so that he looked as if he had been broiling it on a gridiron, and has volted him into a station house cell, into the court house and to the county jail before he had time to throw a brick at the policeman.

A red-headed woman is said to contain enough electricity to supply the house with electric light. This can be proven by referring to a horse of another color in her presence.

Some girls have so much electricity concealed about them that their eyes will snap fire when you ask them if they are wearing their own teeth, while others are so devoid of it that they are utterly docile when the prevalence of an ice cream foundry in the neighborhood is mentioned to them.

Now, to sum up, the question is an open one as to whether or not electricity will kill.

There is a legend to the effect that the reason lightning always appears zizzaxed when it has its picture taken is because of the fact that when it was young it monkeyed with a mule and knocked at the wrong door. There is no doubt in the world that lightning will effectually kill fatally dead the person to whom it has addressed its missive, unless, mayhap, or perchance, that person be of the mule gender.

I can assure my readers that I have no personal interest in the matter, as I never really murdered anybody, unless, bringing a child with the small pox into my mother-in-law's residence and locking it up in her bed can be called murder. To be sure my mother-in-law died and I bought the child a large, fat monument with

"BULLY FOR YOU!"

on the surbase, but I always was fond of children, as my folks have told me that I was once a child myself. QUEVEDO.

A POPULAR PRESIDENT.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

The portrait of the enterprising president of the now famous National Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, Mr. Charles E. Berner, is presented in this week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. Mr. Berner possesses much of the energy and push that is so perceptibly noticeable in the management of the affairs of this club since its organization, and he has given the organization his untiring support and has done much to put it in the position it stands to-day, the leading club in Brooklyn, numbering among its members some of the noted amateur athletes in this vicinity. "The Nac's," as they are popularly known, will give their annual boxing tournament at the Labor Lyceum, in Brooklyn, on Oct. 10 and 12. This affair will be a fitting illustration of the way things are conducted under the able management of its jovial and very popular president, Chas. E. Berner.

SHE WARBLER SWEETLY, EGAD!

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

All lovers of comic opera will recognize in our theatrical gallery this week the face and the form of Marion Manola. This pretty young woman (and the compositor will please not make a compound word of "pretty" and "young") has won laurels in many of the operas produced by Col. John A. McCaull and managed by Ben D. Stevens. Miss Manola now warbles in "Clover," at Palmer's Theatre, and, as usual, warbles sweetly, Egad!

BAVARIA'S STRONG MAN.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

Elsewhere we present a portrait of Johann Trebel-sparger, the celebrated German heavy-weight lifter, wrestler and all-round athlete, who sailed from Hamburg, Germany, last week, for New York. He is 28 years old, 6 feet 1 1/4 inches in height and weighs 235 pounds. On his arrival here Mr. Sebastian Miller will manage him, and he will be matched against many heavy-weight lifters and wrestlers in the United States.

A JOLLY BONIFACE.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

A. C. Murray, the well known sportsman of Newark, N. J., was born in Ireland on November 14, 1850. He has traveled all through South America, Australia, Asia and Africa, and can tell many interesting stories about his adventures in foreign lands. Mr. Murray now conducts several large sporting houses in different parts of this country.

TWO "STOWAWAY" BANK CRACKERS.

(WITH PORTRAITS.)

The two gentlemen whose portraits appear on another page are "Spike" Hennessey and "Kid" McCoy, two reformed burglars who have been interesting the public with their adeptness in burglarizing a safe in the play "The Stowaway." Since they have reformed they have both lived comparatively quiet lives behind the footlights.

FORTUNE'S FAVORITES.

CORSICANA, Tex., August 27, 1889.—Corsicana boasts to-day of two of the happiest men in Texas in the persons of Messrs. John W. O'Neal and O. P. Wimberly, the lucky men who drew \$15,000 each in the Louisiana State Lottery drawing of the 13th instant. Each gentleman paid \$1 for the one-twentieth of ticket No. 87,835, which proved to be the number which drew the capital prize of \$300,000. There was great excitement here when the News heralded the fact that \$30,000 had been drawn in this city. Your correspondent first sought Mr. O'Neal at his restaurant and asked to see the ticket. "Uncle John," as he is familiarly called, was slow to realize his luck, but after depositing his ticket with the First National Bank for collection and getting a receipt for the same he said he began to "feel like a bloated bondholder."

Mr. O. P. Wimberly, who kept a small butcher shop here, offered to dispose of his ticket for "two bits" when he heard that O'Neal had drawn the capital prize, but no one would buy it. Imagine his surprise when he found that he also held the lucky number. He also deposited his ticket with the First National Bank for collection.

The tickets were promptly forwarded to New Orleans, the \$300,000 collected and placed to the credit of the happy men, less the usual rate of exchange.

Wimberly says he will take a pleasure trip soon and when he returns home will invest a portion of his money. Mr. O'Neal says he shall buy a small farm near Corsicana, get his nephew to work and manage it, and spend his remaining days in peace and quietude. —Galveston (Tex.) News, Aug. 30.

WHO'LL GET THERE?

The Ashton-Godfrey Fight in Boston's
Parnell Athletic Club.

THE TWO MEN WEIGHED UP.

Boston, September 16.—The Parnell Athletic Club of Boston will inaugurate its series of regular monthly winter meetings on September 19, when the heavy-weights, Jack Ashton and George Godfrey, the colored boxer, will contest 24 rounds with small gloves. Should the referee be unable to decide as to the winner at the end of the 24 rounds then five extra rounds will be fought until he can decide. This is in the true spirit of glove fighting as laid down in the "Police Gazette" revised rules.

Godfrey once hungered to try conclusions with the Australian champion, Peter Jackson, from the advent of that gentleman in San Francisco until the 24th of August, 1888, when he met Peter and had his appetite satisfied. It took Jackson just 19 rounds to persuade George to throw up both hands and cry: "I'm licked; take the cake—I mean fight."

Whenever my mind runs on a colored gentleman "dat cake" always crops out. Like George, so has Ashton, privately and through the press, expressed a desire to punch smitherens out of the big Australian and earn the reward the California Athletic Club holds out to the man, black or white, who can whip their pet. This common design on the part of both men to bring down the Australian makes the present contest an interesting study for the sports and gives to it a deeper significance than it would otherwise have. Ashton's friends, and they are many and staunch, believe that he will have no trouble in doing Godfrey, and that, given the opportunity, he could whip Jackson like breaking sticks. Still they would like to have the affair with Godfrey settled; then they could line Jack closer. The good opinion entertained of Ashton is by no means unmerited. He has handled himself well since his entry into the swim of pugilism. Walter De Baun brought Ashton from Providence to New York in 1884. He was a big, overgrown boy then, with nothing but his strength to back a desire to shine as a pugilist. During the time De Baun ran the Alhambra on West Eighteenth street, Ashton was the trial horse for all comers, and he had some pretty hot goes in the little ring on De Baun's stage. Still he was always lucky enough to evade a knock out.

Billy Madden, the clever and successful manager of ring stars, saw the making of a public favorite in the eastern boy, and taking him under his wing the public was not long left in ignorance of the qualities of this new protegee. Under Madden's guidance Ashton met the best men the country could produce, and though Ashton did not always win, he only once had a decision given against him. That was on July 31, 1888, when he and Jake Kilrain boxed eight rounds at Ridgewood Park, Brooklyn, and the decision was given to Kilrain. One of Ashton's first battles when he was a raw one, was fought at Providence, Jim Dolan opposed him; they fought sixteen rounds with the bare knuckles, ending in a draw. He fought all comers at the Comique, Philadelphia, when Tommy Ryan ran the theatre and the city was a hot-bed of pugilism. He fought Mike Conley a draw at Ithaca N. Y., when Conley lived there and ruled the roost.

Denny Killen of Philadelphia, a brother of Pat of that name who was knocked out by Joe McLaughlin last week at the Golden Gate Club, San Francisco, got the turn on Jack and his manager three years ago. He and Ashton were to box ten rounds at the Germania Assembly Rooms, New York. Killen was a quick, shifty fellow, and could make a good showing. He came out for all he was worth for four rounds, while Ashton took things easy, letting Denny tire himself out; but, at the end of the fourth round, Denny would not come up again, claiming from the stage that his agreement was for four rounds and no more. Ashton was caught sleeping and lost a chance to win. He could have kicked himself around the block that night. Killen's claim was rank; the contest was for ten rounds. Ashton's last fight was with Joe Lannon of Boston. They fought for \$1,000 on March 29 of this year. The battle took place at Burrillville, R. I., and was won by Ashton knocking Lannon out in 19 rounds. Ashton was born in Providence, R. I., Nov. 9, 1863. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, and will turn the scales at 170 pounds. He is training assiduously under the care of Billy Madden, a sufficient guarantee that his condition will be perfect when he enters the ring. Their quarters are the Hotel Hawthorn, Pawtucket, R. I.

George Godfrey, like Ashton, is putting in big licks to get in trim for his contest. A top-sawyer toppled him from his pedestal, and he will try to return through Ashton, who is on the top round of ring society, the prestige lost in the fight with the Antipodean wonder, Jackson. There were not a few who thought no man living had a license to whip the colored boxer, bar accident, until he ran up against Jackson. He has time and time again asserted his willingness to fight any man living during the number of years he has been before the public. Among his own color, until Jackson came along, he had no equal in the ring. He defeated Charley Hadley, of Bridgeport, a game and clever man; Billy Wilson, McHenry Johnson, the Black Star, colored heavy-weight. On Feb. 4, this year, he and Joe Lannon fought a drawn battle in 15 rounds, at the Cribb Club, Boston. Godfrey is a Bostonian, 5 feet 8 inches tall, and weighs about 170 pounds. He is a skillful fellow with his hands and is the owner of a good headpiece, that does not easily get rattled. Pat Sharkey, Dave Holland and a number of other gentlemen, who fancy a good mill, will go from New York to the match, the full details of which will appear in next week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE.

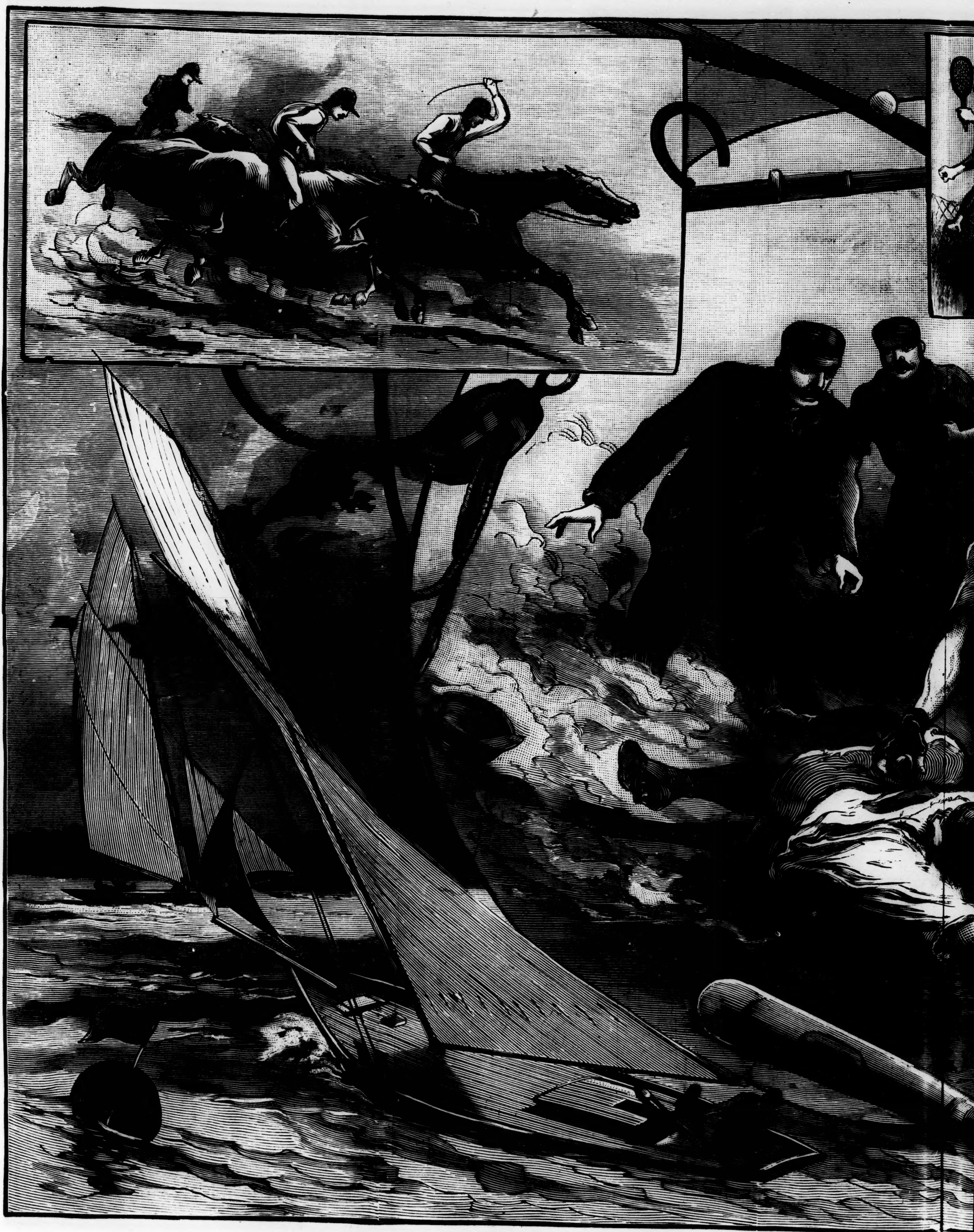
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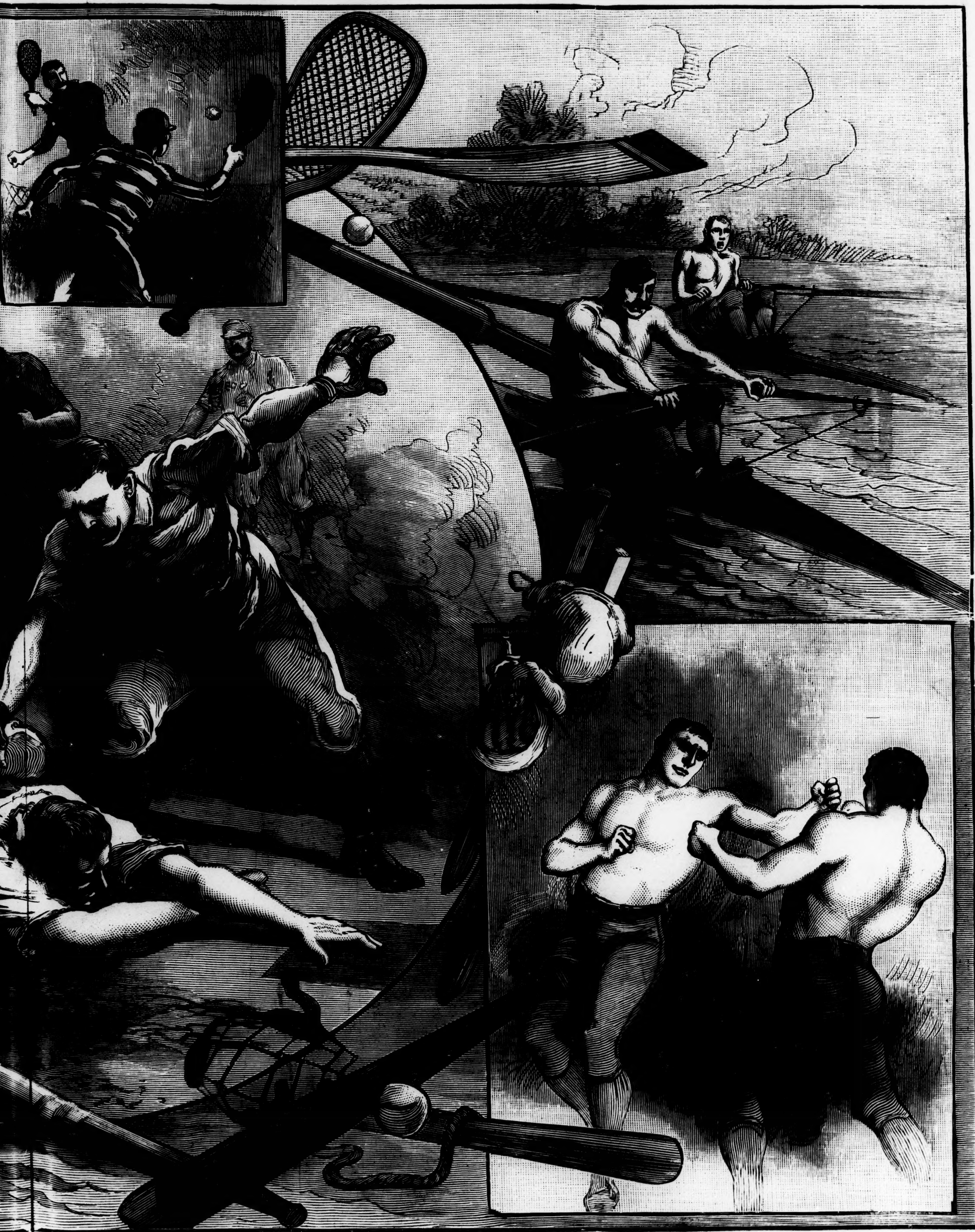
JACK ASHTON.



GEORGE GODFREY.



A SOUVENIR OF THE PAST S
WHICH ONE OF THE ABOVE GAY AND FESTIVE SPORTS DID THE "POLICE GA



AST SUMMER'S GIDDY SEASON.

LICE GAZETTE" READER COME THE VERY NEAREST WINNING A FORTUNE ON?

PLAY BALL!

That's Just What Everybody Must
Do to Win.

LIVELY BROOKLYN-ST. LOUIS GAME.

Roger Connor and Big Bill Brown were walking slowly up the hill at 155th street to the Tenth Avenue cable car on the evening of the second day the Indianapolis club came up the New Yorks, when they came face to face with two charming young ladies. The boys were feeling very gloomy over their defeat, and were in no mood to talk to any one. Connor had a frown on his face as dark as a thunder cloud, and there was every indication about his air and bearing that it would not be safe to annoy him with questions. Despite all this, one of the ladies, who is as plump as a partridge, stepped up to the big first baseman with her most bewitching smile and said, as she looked into his eyes inquiringly, "Mister, please can you tell me who won the game?" It was more than the big fellows could stand. Brown gave a snort, and Connor burst right out laughing in the ladies' faces. Both men went off up the hill shaking with laughter, and leaving the poor ladies standing there in blissful ignorance of who won the game and staring after them as though they were two blooming idiots.



There was a lively scene in Brooklyn Sept. 7, on which occasion the Brooklyn and St. Louis clubs came together to play their last series of the season. As the championship question lay between these rival teams, there was great excitement among the 16,000 people who were present. The game was not started until four o'clock, and there were so many intentional delays that darkness came on before the game could be finished. The St. Louis boys kicked to have the game called, but Goldsmith would not do so and ordered them to go on. So a couple of friends of the visiting team went out and bought a half dozen candles, which they lighted and placed around on the ground in front of the players' bench. The joke was enjoyed hugely by many of the fair-minded spectators. Not so, however, with the hot-headed cranks, as it only served to infuriate them. The management of the Brooklyn club was greatly chagrined, and Manager McGinnis came rushing over with a policeman, who put out the candles and collared the young fellows who brought them in, and turned them over to the tender mercies of the crowd, and in less time than it takes to tell it the boys were pounded beyond recognition. The St. Louis boys refused to play the ninth inning on account of darkness and Comiskey took his men off the field. Goldsmith gave the game to the Brooklyn boys and then the circus commenced. The crowd closed in on the visitors as they were going to the dressing rooms, beer glasses were hurled at them and nearly every man on the team had bruises to show on the following day. Despite the fact that they were protected by twenty policemen, stones were thrown through the windows of their dressing room, and the boys were well satisfied when they escaped with their lives.

The wife of Mayor Bruck, of Columbus, is a "fan," and she goes to see all the games there.—*Sporting Life*. Now you have got to see. There is no use in guessing, we will simply give it up. What do you mean by a "fan"? Certainly not one of those things you catch by the neck and wave back and forth in front of your face to create a breeze.

They say Tucker has a very tender ankle. It is well to know these things. If you ever get into a row with him all you have got to do is to make a dead play for his ankle.

He was not Philan very well so Des Moines laid him off for the remainder of the season.

While the St. Louis Browns were playing their first game of the last series with the Brooklyn club at Washington Park, Brooklyn, Von der Ahe saw that things were beginning to grow a little lively. After successfully dodging a couple of beer glasses, he was seriously contemplating looking for a place of safety, when Latham, his third baseman, came up and advised him to get out of the grounds as quickly as possible, as the crowd had it in for him and were going to do him. Chris took the tip and started for home. Some of the mob followed him, and near the entrance one ruffian made a pass at him, which Von der Ahe cleverly ward off. This made Chris hot, and he said, "You dirty loafer, come outside these grounds, and if I don't lick you I will make you a present of a suit of clothes, and I am sure you need them bad enough."

Pete Conway has great faith in electric treatment, and he claims that it is rapidly getting his arm back into its old form. This is all moonshine. When a man's pitching arm is once gone it is all day with him, and no kind of treatment is going to bring it back. If Pete, however, is on full pay and is giving the management these ghost stories to jolly things along, then we have nothing more to say further than he is clever.

It seems unkind for the Toronto club to release Pitcher Cain because he was not able.

Eight or ten men followed Von der Ahe to the elevated station at Fifth Avenue and Third Street, Sept. 7, and while they were very abusive and made many threats, no violent hands were laid upon him. Von der Ahe took a seat in the car with his back toward the platform. Just as the train started to move away from the station, one of the party sprang forward and dealt a vicious right-handed swinging blow at Von der Ahe's head. He missed his mark and banged his fist up against the window-jam with such force that he removed all the flesh from his knuckles.

President Stern doesn't appreciate Gus Schmeitz at his full value.—*Exchange*. There is nothing remarkable about that. The fact is that there are none of us appreciated at our full value or we would be receiving ten times the amount of salary we are receiving now.

Anson is fully aware of his own existence and of his vast superiority over all other men in the baseball arena. In fact, it simply gives him gripings in his stomach to hear these mush-heads who know nothing attempt to draw comparisons between Comiskey and himself. He feels that he is head and shoulders over Comiskey, and that the latter is only dabbling with a few tricks that he forgot from Comiskey was born on account of their utter unimportance.

The Hoodlums had no further use for Sullivan, so they gave him a chance to hustle after another place to finish the season.

It is unkind for those Western people to say that Sutton and Dave Rowe are good baseball managers, but very rank baseball players.

He was a darling little Petty, but he could not pitch well enough to suit Cincinnati. Dave Foutz is anxious to see his old boss heavily fined. He claims that Chris always controlled his players by touching their pockets, and now he is anxious to see him get a dose of his own medicine.

The American Association has a head and so has an umbrella as a rule, but the one is about as much use as the other. The umbrella is used as a cover to keep the rain off, and the President of the American Association is used for a cover for the magnates to hide behind. If ever any baseball question required a settlement it is the difficulty between the St. Louis and Brooklyn clubs. President Wikoff refuses to call a special meeting at present on the grounds that the magnates are too hot to talk the matter over peacefully.

The Badsons, of Boston, are complaining bitterly about the bad treatment they have received from other amateur clubs. A change of name might bring about the desired results. Judging from their tough name, one would imagine they were not the style of boys to permit shabby treatment to occur at any stage of the game. Thoroughly game boys take their own part and never think of squealing.

Pitcher McCarthy thought he owned St. Joe, but to his utter astonishment he made the discovery that St. Joseph could get along in pretty good shape without him. He became a trifle fresh and was laid off without pay. Knouff was all right with the Milwaukee people until his arm gave out and then they could not fire him quick enough. That is one of the ways of cutting down the expenses and saving money, but it is a very dirty way, especially as the season is now almost over.

Denver stood it as long as it was possible with their batch of tanks, but the more lenient they have been the more advantage their players would take of them. There is just such a thing as patience ceasing to be a virtue, so the management were obliged to indefinitely suspend Turner and Twinnham for drunkenness.

From general appearances Gen. Dixwell will have to be put in a straight jacket if the Boston fall to win the championship. The New Yorks are far from being left out of sight, and no one realizes that fact more keenly than the Boston players themselves.

All friendship has ceased between the New York and Boston clubs, and it is now war to the knife.

Jack Phelps, of Louisville, in speaking of the trouble between Brooklyn and St. Louis, says: "So far as the question regarding the umpire is concerned, the system should be radically changed. I do not say that Mr. Byrne has used his position as chairman of the umpire committee to further the interests of his club, but I do say that no club should be in a position to hire the umpires or dictate to them. The rule formerly in vogue in the Association, and at present in the League is the proper one. The umpire should be entirely under the control of the president of the Association, and he should be held responsible for them. He is not connected with any individual club and is supposed to be a competent and unbiased man."

The Baltimore club anticipated reaping a rich harvest during the past week on account of the grand celebration which was being held in that city, but their fond hopes were knocked into a cocked hat by the unexpected rainy weather.

The Denver team would be a strong aggregation were it not for one thing, and that is they have been dropped up all season by old rye. It is a substantial support when you are slipping through it, but not worth a cuss as a brace when you have to lean solely upon it.

The Louisville club management has at last become tired of toying to Pete Browning, so they have laid him off for the remainder of the season.

Manager Hart is not afraid to arrange a series of games with the New Yorks at the end of the season, but he fears that the Boston people will not care anything about an exhibition series with New York at the close of the regular campaign. Go a little slow, my boy. Possibly you are not aware that the New Yorks are going to win that pennant with hands down, and that their only object in wanting to arrange a special series was to show the public how perfectly easy it was for them to make monkeys of you.

Dave Rowe has been bitterly disappointed this year in his Denver team, but he feels confident that he will be able to get together in a lot of pennant winners for 1890, and therefore has his lines out in every direction at present, in anticipation of catching a few good, sober, hard-working ball players.

Some of the frisky out-of-town papers, in speaking of the bluff to the west of the Polo Ground, blow their trumpet as though the hill was fifteen thousand miles high, and that if the game was not started at daybreak and stopped before 1 o'clock in the afternoon, darkness will come on before the close of the game. Boys, before you write about this hill you want to come and look at it, and you will see they can play ball as late here as in Brooklyn.

There is no use in the baseball magnates making light of Johnson's scheming with the ball players. There is a nigger in the wood pile, as sure as you live, and possibly by the time you arouse from your stupor it will be too late.

The Detroit people are taking radical steps toward elevating the game. They have requested their players to be more dignified; that while chaffing, wrestling and hugging each other on the ball field was no doubt very enjoyable, it is not the kind of behavior that is pleasing to the critical eye of a Detroit baseball enthusiast.

Cleveland does not believe in spending money unnecessarily for gilt-edged players, so they have been taking time by the forelock and have had their agents out all summer sizing up the most valuable minor League players that could be found.

Mike Kelly has done some pretty lively hustling this year for the Boston club, and if the Beaneaters fall to get the pennant, as will most likely be the case, it will be no fault of Kelly's.

The Louisville club have a "Wolf" for a mascot, which they call "Jimmie." Some few of the papers, we are sorry to say, have been unkind enough to comment on the amount of food this animal eats.

Life and battles of John L. Sullivan, Jake Kilrain, Jack Dempsey and Tom Sayers. All handsomely illustrated. Price, 25 cents each. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

IN ATHLETICS.

The Gaudaur-Teemer Single-Scull
Race Decided to be a Draw.

NEW ORLEANS TURF EXCHANGE.

The following cablegram was received at the
POLICE GAZETTE office Sept. 16.

LONDON, Sept. 16, 1889.
POLICE GAZETTE, N. Y.—Smith and Slavin articles today at Hatchell's, Piccadilly, to fight any place on the Continent for £500 (open £1,000) a side, December next. Frank Hindle backs Slavin. C. Blacklock, stakeholder. ATKINSON.

Hanlan claims to have won \$6,000 on Searle's victory over O'Connor.

Delaney and Robertson, the well-known Canadian oarsmen, have left the Don Rowing Club.

Bourke Cochrane, the famous steeplechaser, fell and broke both his forelegs at Albany, N. Y., on Sept. 10.

Sailor Brown has given out that he will sail for Europe in a few weeks, and that he will challenge Jack Fallon or Toff Wall for a fight to a finish.

Jack Walker, the popular sport of Minneapolis, who owned the famous fighting canine Mage, winner of many battles, has opened a handsome saloon at 11 Second street North, that city.

Frank Stevenson, the popular referee, has received a letter from Jack Fallon, who is Peter Jackson's sparring partner on his English tour, in which Fallon authorizes Stevenson to make matches in his behalf.

John P. Clow, the Denver, Col., heavy-weight pugilist, is visiting at Duluth. Clow is in bad shape, having been ill with consumption for some time, but said he was rapidly improving, and hoped some day to be his former self.

Hanlan, the oarsman, says that if Matterson, Buebear and Wallace Ross, or any two of them, will guarantee him a race for \$500 a side each and concede reasonable expenses, he will be most happy to cross the Atlantic and take them up.

Chevalier Ira Paine of Providence, R. I., the celebrated marksman and one of the best of the world over, died at Paris, France, Sept. 10, after an illness of only 42 hours. His body will be brought to America for interment at Providence.

Col. Albert H. Rogers, Deputy Commissioner of Street Cleaning, entertained his friends at a largely attended birthday party, at Fortieth street and Sixth avenue, on Friday evening, Sept. 13, when the feast of reason and flow of soul had full play.

The Tommy Warren-Frank Murphy contest at the California Athletic Club has been fixed for Tuesday, Sept. 24. Warren declares that his hand is as strong as ever, and the \$250 guarantee for his appearance in the ring has been deposited.

Steve Brodie again distinguished himself last week, when he jumped 100 feet in Cleveland from the back of a tight-rope walker into the dangerous depths of a lake. Steve has nerve, but one of these days his nerve won't reappear above the surface.

Malcolm W. Ford, Staten Island A. C., scored 27 points; A. A. Jordan, N. Y. A. C., 23 points, and Schroeder, N. Y. A. C., 16 points in the individual general athletic championship of the United States, decided Sept. 7 on the Brooklyn Athletic Club grounds.

The William Haas Athletic Association gave an athletic and variety entertainment at Germania Assembly Rooms, 291 Bowery, Sept. 13. The show was unusually interesting, and wound up with a lively set-to between William Haas and Eugene Hornbacher.

John F. Scholes, the proprietor of the best equipped sporting house at Toronto, on Yonge Street, intends to organize a regular professional athletic club. Scholes is eager to box Jake Kilrain or John L. Sullivan four rounds, at Toronto, if either will accept the engagement.

W. C. Johnson, of the Varuna Boat Club, Brooklyn, H. E. Toussaint and Guy Richards, both of the N. Y. A. C., swam a 100 yards race for the championship at Travers Island, Sept. 13, for a handsome silver cup 18 inches high. Johnson won in 1 minute 25 1/2 seconds, Richards second.

Mike Conley and Patsy Cardiff, who were to have fought to a finish near Ashland, Wis., Sept. 7, have mutually agreed to call the match off. The Governor of Wisconsin ordered the Sheriff to prevent the battle, so Mike and Patsy threw up the sponge rather than have any Mississippi business in their.

Half a dozen residents of Clifton and Niagara Falls now claim to have seen Steve Brodie go over Niagara Horse-shoe falls, and Magistrate Hill says: "If I had known as much as I do now, Brodie, the Yankee jumper, should have been fined. I have talked with half a dozen who actually saw him go over."

Jimmie Kennard, who calls himself the St. Paul Kid, publishes a letter in which he says: "I have now too easy a thing on these 110 and 112-pound fighters. I want somebody to lick me," and winds up by daring Cal McCarthy to meet him. When Cal gets ready, "Mr. Kid," he will wipe out that bump of conceit of yours.

Bud Renaud of New Orleans proposes to erect one of the largest turf exchanges in the South in New Orleans, and will take anything from \$1 to \$10,000 on a race. Inducements will be offered to the best light-weight, middle-weight and heavy-weight fighters to visit the city and fight before an athletic club, organized on the same basis as the California clubs.

Billy Wilson, the colored heavy-weight pugilist of St. Paul, is in San Francisco with his packer, Thomas Jefferson. The latter believes that Wilson can whip any man in America but Sullivan. Pope Gooding says: "Wilson will give any man outside of Sullivan a hard fight. He uses both hands and is game to the core. Any one whom he lands his right on will go out as though Sullivan had hit him."

Charles J. Currie, the Canadian professional champion shot-putter, wants a match with George R. Gray of the N. Y. A. C. amateur champion—also a Canadian—for any amount up to \$1,000. Currie says he will give Gray three feet handicap at putting the 16-pound shot and two feet handicap at putting the 21-pound shot. Currie is 25 years old, stands 6 feet 6 1/2 inches in his stockings, and weighs 224 pounds.

Billy Duncan, who claims to be the champion light-weight of the west side, and Pamrose Dickson, a colored pugilist, fought seven rounds, with bare knuckles, at a resort on Staten Island, Sept. 13. Dickson failed to respond to the call of time in the eighth round, and Duncan was declared the winner. About twenty club men made up a purse of \$500 for the victor, and the vanquished fighter received \$50.

The Pacific Coast Amateur Athletic Association held its annual meeting recently in the rooms of the Olympic Club, San Francisco. There were represented the Olympic, Golden Gate, Acme, Reliance, University of California, and the Olympic Club of Alameda. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Walter A. Scott; vice-president, Geo. E. Fox; secretary, J. J. Jamison; treasurer, P. W. Nahl.

The Golden Gate A. C., of San Francisco, has offered to hang up a purse of \$1,000 for Jack Hopper and Billy Dacey to do battle for, and it but remains for Hopper to acquiesce to make the match, as Dacey has already expressed his willingness to meet Jack. The loser will have his expenses paid. If Hopper accepts this proposition and telegraphs his readiness to the Golden Gate A. C. at once, the money to take him to California will be promptly forwarded to him.

The great double-scul race between the Laurels Boat Club of Troy and the Albany Rowing Club of Albany was rowed recently on the upper Lansingburg course at Albany.

Messrs. Hopkins and Viets represented the Laurels Club, while Martin Monaghan and Harry Campbell represented the Albany Club. The distance was one mile and a half straightaway. The race was close and exciting, and Viets and Hopkins won easily in 6 minutes and 3 seconds.

Samson, the Hercules of the Nineteenth century, now performing in London, England, is 31 years of age and of French origin, a native of Alsace-Lorraine. He went over from America, and this is his first appearance in England. At 15 years of age he entered the circus ranks as an athlete and pulled against horses and elephants, at 18 he commenced to wrestle, and from that time to the present he has left untied no means whereby he can maintain, train and develop his extraordinary strength.

Edward J. Burgess, better known as Jack Burgess, of Brooklyn, the prize fighter who won from Le Blanche, the Marine, on a foul, pleaded guilty to stealing jewelry and other property of the value of \$3,000 from his sister-in-law, Louise Hurte, in New York, some months ago. He got out of the city before the police could catch him, but was traced to New Orleans, where he appeared about the time of the Sullivan-Kilrain fight. He again disappeared, however, before the New York detectives could lay hands on him, and next turned up in Detroit. He was arrested and brought to New York. Recorder Smyth sentenced him to three and one half years in State Prison.

John A. St. John has received a cablegram from Henry E. Searle, the champion sculler, offering to row Gaudaur on the Thames in one month for \$2,500 a side, allowing \$500 for expenses. Otherwise he will row him on the Paramatta. Mr. St. John says Gaudaur will not row on the Thames or Paramatta, but is willing to row on any English or Irish lake. Searle will also give O'Connor another race over the Thames championship course, within a month's time, for \$2,500 or \$5,000 a side. The champion could not think of rowing in America, where the world's championship has never been fought out, but in the event of O'Connor arranging to visit Australia next season, Searle will be pleased to row him on the Paramatta for from £1,000 to £5,000 a side, allowing expenses in proportion.

Dannie Needham, the champion light-weight of the Northwest, who is a protégé of Mike Conley, and his partner, J. D. Hayes, is desirous of a match for the light-weight championship of America, and is open to meet any 133-pound man in the country, in a battle for \$2,000 a side. Needham was born in St. Paul, Minn., May 20, 1867. He has fought Tommy Danforth, Charley Webber, Octavius Bonduca, a middle-weight, who once opposed the Marine, Geo. La Blanche, Needham knocking him out in one and a half rounds. He also put Jimmy Connolly, the Boston middle-weight, to sleep, in six rounds. He wasn't so lucky in his twenty-round fight with Billy Myers, though. Needham was not knocked out, the referee decided for Myers. His last battle was with Con Keefe, champion middle-weight of Dakota, at Fargo, June 13, 1889. Keefe was an easy job for Dan, who put him out in four rounds. Besides these he has engaged in any number of minor contests. Needham has \$100 on deposit for a match at 133 pounds and the championship, for \$2,000 a side. He would like Billy Myer or Jack McAniff to take him up.

Jake Gaudaur, of St. Louis, and John Teemer, of McKeesport, rowed a 3-mile single-scul race at McKeesport, Pa., Sept. 13, and Gaudaur came out the winner, beating Teemer hands down by a third of a mile in 23 minutes. The race was stubbornly contested for a mile and a half, when Teemer dropped rapidly to the rear. A claim of foul was made by Teemer's brothers to the effect that Al Hamm, Gaudaur's trainer, rowed in front of Teemer about a mile and a half from the starting point, and also that Gaudaur apparently took Teemer's water. After the boat race Teemer made an assault on Oarsman Hamm. So much excitement prevailed that the referee refused to give his decision until the following day, when referee Pringle decided that the race was a draw and ordered the men to row over again the following Monday on the Woods Run course, in the Ohio River. Gaudaur's backer positively refused to agree to this, and the two men were then conducted to the office of the final stakeholder, where the money of each was returned to him. Teemer offered to increase the stake \$500, and row within ten days at Wood's Run or on any course in New York, lake or river, but Gaudaur's backer still persisted in refusing. The referee, in giving his decision, said there was no foul, but that Hamm had violated the articles of agreement in pulling in front of Teemer, and that he had no business on the course at all. The referee said that he had heard Hamm say that he had gone in front of the two men to keep Gaudaur from running into snags, and this, he decided, was interference under the rules governing the race. Gaudaur created something of a sensation by claiming to have been dragged before the race, but his condition did not indicate that he was unwell. Under the referee's decision all bets are off.

HANLAN ON SEARLE.

The Famous Sculler Speaks about O'Connor, the American.

The POLICE GAZETTE correspondent visited Edward Hanlan, the ex-champion oarsman of the world, at his residence, 111 John street, Toronto, on September 10, the day after O'Connor's overwhelming defeat by Henry Searle. Hanlan is the only oarsman that ever went to England and won the championship of the world, and he accomplished this feat time and again. In regard to O'Connor's defeat Hanlan said: "It was superiority backed up with stamina that gained the day, Searle being in a better class than O'Connor, which the race proved."

He said that the result was no surprise to him, except that O'Connor should have weakened so early in the race. "I expected he would lead Searle for a mile or a mile and a half, but he was dead at the mile, as Searle was increasing his lead with ease when only rowing 25 to the minute at that distance. O'Connor should have been able to keep, if properly trained and in condition, up 30 strokes to the minute for a mile at least. From O'Connor's form, as shown in his race with Searle, there are two men in Australia, Stansbury and McLean, who, I believe, could beat the American champion."

"How about Searle?"
"Well, he is the best sculler I ever saw. You could not possibly have a better built man for sculling. I have watched him in his trials in Australia, and know what he can do. People have asked me what Searle had done. In reply I say that in public form Kemp beat Beach on the Paramatta river 6 seconds in a mile, and Searle beat Kemp on the same course 10 seconds over the same distance. As for Searle's staying powers, he seems to never tire. His style is a most peculiar one. Most scullers have a wonderful strain on the arm, but Searle gets all his powers from the body, hips and legs, the arms seem to be used for nothing else but guiding poles."

"There is no one at the present time capable of doing so or even coming within a reasonable distance of Searle. My opinion is that he can beat the three best scullers in the world, one after another, in one week at any distance. Gaudaur has no chance of beating Searle, as he is now 23 years old, has never won the championship, and I can't see that after ten or twelve years of rowing he can be improved so as to compete against a youthful man like Searle, who is a perfect athletic wonder. What gives him such wonderful staying powers is his extraordinary breathing capacity, and he is without question the coolest and most collected oarsman I have ever seen in a race. I am glad to know that Toronto people intend giving O'Connor a reception on his return, and thus show that although beaten he retains the confidence and regard of his fellow-townsmen."

Hanlan accounts for the wonderful confidence of Canadian contingents in their man through Searle's success in keeping his true form concealed in his practice, as he does most of his hard work on land. He is an adept in this line, and in his first races in Australia the general public were just as far astray in its estimate of his prowess. Hanlan also thinks that the tide had nothing to do with O'Connor's defeat. He says he can only explain O'Connor's catching a crab by the plate of his rowlock being out of place. A finished oarsman like O'Connor would not catch a crab unless under such circumstances.

Elegant Cabinet Photographs of all the leading Pugilists, Athletes, Actors, and Sporting Men, only 10 cents each. RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

A BIG FIGHT.

The Couper-Bendoff Mill for the Heaviest Stakes on Record.

LE BLANCHE-DEMPSEY.

At the time Jack Couper, the champion of South Africa, visited this city and made the POLICE GAZETTE office his headquarters there was not a sporting man in the Empire City who would back him for \$500 after Jim Felt defeated him, and just think of him being matched to fight Wolf Bendoff, a giant compared with Couper, who only stood five feet five in his stockings and only weighed 154 pounds, for a larger stake than John L. Sullivan, the champion, and Jake Kilrain fought for at Richburg, Miss., on July 8.

At first, when I learned Bendoff and Couper fought for \$25,000, I did not believe it, but when the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, forwarded the names of Couper and Bendoff's backers, and the stakeholder announced that he held \$10,000 on behalf of Couper and \$12,500 on Bendoff's behalf, there was no disputing the fact.

South Africa should be a gold mine for some middle-weight, for if Couper could find \$10,000 to meet a man six inches taller and nearly thirty pounds heavier than himself there is not the least doubt but the South African would lay odds on Couper against Le Blanche, Dempsey or some of the middle-weights.

South Africa must have the pugilistic fever in earnest, for over five hundred paid \$25 to witness the battle and over fifteen hundred paid a lesser sum. Couper's share, one-fourth, it is said, was \$15,000. Just fancy if Sullivan and Kilrain had fought in the midget club at South Africa, what a fortune would have been made!

Couper, when he was in New York, did not have \$100; now by one battle he has netted \$37,000, and yet there are hundreds of men in England and America who could conquer him.

A local paper on September 2 published the following:

"A great deal of severe criticism against the way in which the glove contests are conducted in the California Athletic Club is being indulged in by the sporting fraternity of this city, apropos of the recent Dempsey-Le Blanche fight. If the reports of that battle are correct, and there is no reason to believe that they are not, the club's official referee, Mr. Cook, permitted deliberate fouls on the part of both men, and allowed Le Blanche to clinch and throw Dempsey on three different occasions, which is in direct violation of the Queensberry rules. But the Queensberry rules are more honored in the breach than in the observance in the California Club contests, and it appears that Referee Cook takes it upon himself to let men fight as they please. The club is known to be opposed to draws and decisions on fouls, and its course in that respect has led to injustice to some men who have fought fair and square under the rules, while others have taken undue and mean advantages by striking foul blows and wrestling. The three falls which Le Blanche gave Dempsey after a wrestling bout must have tended greatly to weaken the Nonpareil. It has been suggested that the California Athletic Club employ some old and experienced fighter like Joe Coburn to referee its contests in the ring and award the victory to the man who wins after a square battle. Another thing the California Club is criticised for is the fact that it permits its boxing instructor to enter ring contests within its rooms."

There is not the least doubt that during the Dempsey and Le Blanche battle both men committed fouls, but there is no doubt that Dempsey was beaten fairly and on his merits.

In my opinion, while pugilists will continue to battle by Queensberry rules, there will always be fouls committed by one or the other of the contestants, and unless the fouls are deliberate and the party committing the foul does it intentionally, it does not stand to reason that a referee who is impartial will decide the battle hurriedly.

I have witnessed over one hundred of these so-called prize ring encounters between champions and non-champions, but so far, I have failed to witness one battle in which fouls have not been committed. It is impossible to place two pugilists in a ring and prevent them from clinching during an exciting round, and this clinching, according to these peculiar rules, means fouling.

The fact of the matter is, Dempsey fouled Le Blanche, and the latter also committed fouls, but these infractions upon the rules did not make Dempsey lose or Le Blanche win, and it is only justice to Le Blanche to give him full credit for his great victory, which, no doubt, under the same conditions, rules, etc., he could repeat if he had the opportunity.

Jimmy Carroll, of Brooklyn, the wrestler and pugilist, recently announced that he would meet Le Blanche if the California Athletic Club would give a suitable purse. In reply, President Fultz says that he will bring the matter of a contest between Carroll and Le Blanche before the Board of Directors of the California Club. This encourages Carroll's backers to hope for early word that the directors will bring about an early meeting of the two men. Carroll will have substantial backing, and if the California Club will make up a good-sized purse the men cannot complain of the financial inducement to battle for the supremacy.

The hall where Dempsey and the Marine fought their last battle is a recent acquisition by the California Athletic Club. It is located in the old Armory building, on the southeast corner of New Montgomery and Howard streets. It is spacious enough to comfortably seat 1,700 people, and readily holds over 2,000 when the lot-rest warrants it. In the centre of the room is a raised platform, with a substantial railing to form the ring. There is a clear space 3 feet wide around the outside of the ring. During the contests hereafter two of the directors of the club will be stationed at diagonally opposite corners of the ring to see that everything is properly done within the ring.

The timekeepers are not allowed near the ring, but have a separate platform by themselves. Reporters have a separate platform. The seats rise in tiers, and there is a gallery at one end. The exits from the hall are broad and easy of descent. The dressing rooms are located in the rear of the hall, and fitted up tastefully and comfortably. In fact, the club has done everything possible for the comfort of both members and guests. It is a marvel of luxury.

Sunol, who in 1888 was the maker of the two-year-old record, who was recently reported to be broken down, is moving well, and promises to wipe out Axtell's 2:14. Sunol recently went three heats at the Bay District track, driven by Marvin, the first two slow and the last fast. In that she went to the first quarter in 26½ seconds, the half in 1:12, the mile in 2:31. Judges who saw the trial predict a mark of 2:14 for her this year. Sunol is described as having grown a great deal since last fall, and is remarkably well developed.

Thomas Winters was the largest winner at the Morris track, his stable winning \$34,470, with El Rio Rey. D. T. Pulsifer was the second largest winner—\$13,600—and the Dwyer Brothers won \$9,575.

El Rio Rey, if nothing happens to him between now and next May, will be the phenomenon three-year-old of 1890, and all the three-year-olds will be at his mercy. El Rio Rey is the greatest two-year-old that has appeared on the turf since Tremont's time.

I expressed the opinion some weeks ago when Theo. Winters' famous two-year-old was brought from the West that there wasn't an Eastern colt of high enough class to give him a hard race. That opinion didn't find favor in some quarters, and more than one pundit expressed the opinion that he would find it hard work to defeat the best of the Eastern two-year-olds.

His "debut" at Westchester fully bore out all I have said in his favor. He started in the Eclipse Stakes, worth \$25,000, against fourteen of the best two-year-olds in training, and galloped away from them as if they were a lot of crabs. The three-quarters was run in 1:14, which could have been easily reduced if there had been anything in the race able to extend the California youngster, who galloped home the easiest of easy winners by four lengths, which, according to competent judges who saw the race, could have been ten lengths if his jockey had urged him. It is a fortunate thing for Eastern owners that El Rio Rey was not extensively engaged in two-year-old stakes. If he had been he would, but accidents, have made a clean sweep of them. His owner has shown good judgment in not giving the youngster too much racing, and I hope to see him go into winter quarters in vigorous health and with his stamina unimpaired.

There has been this year so much in and out running, and many papers have used such scurrilous language, that some gentlemen have expressed an intention of selling their horses and retiring from the turf rather than set themselves up as a target for the vile attacks upon their reputation and good name. We have seen some horses run so in and out this season that if a man's character depended upon the consistency of the form the horses have shown, the owner would certainly have been ruled off. We have no doubt the horses ran on their merits, and the owners are gentlemen and above suspicion.

Much of the in and out running we attribute to the want of knowledge of training upon the parties handling a majority of the horses. The turf is crowded with men training who have never had experience and never served an apprenticeship at the calling, and really know little beyond feeding and galloping a horse. If a horse reaches the post fit and in condition it is more an accident than an art. How many professed trainers now in charge of a stable are there who can train and fit a horse to race on a fixed day, say two or four months ahead? We will not say how many there are, but the figures would be small in comparison with the number professing to be trainers.

Among the American Turf Congress rules, No. 59, marked complaints, is a capital good rule. It reads as follows: "The judges must take notice of acts of foul riding or other questionable transactions on the turf. Complaints under this rule can be received from the owner, trainer or jockey of the horse alleged to be effected, and must be made to the judges either before or immediately after the jockeys in the race have passed the scales. Complaints can be made by any person, but at the failure of the complainant to substantiate the charge the judges may rule him off."

Now many of our judges do not take sufficient notice of the in-and-out running of horses, which certainly should be done; besides, there are a number of parties who are constantly charging fraud, pulling, etc., against owners, trainers and jockeys. Now, let the parties so charged bring these parties up under this rule, and if they fail to substantiate the charges, let them be ruled off. This would lessen the evil and help the turf.

There is another good rule which has been much abused, that one licensing trainers and jockeys. The rule was originally framed so as to prevent jockeys and trainers of questionable character from obtaining a license to train and ride. The custom has been to grant any jockey or trainer a license who paid the fee, \$5. This is wrong, and it would be well if the American Turf Congress at their meeting this fall would investigate the riding of some jockeys and conduct of some trainers who have questionable characters, and instruct the secretary to refuse to grant them licenses. The turf is better off without these characters, no matter how good riders or trainers they may be. If the turf papers would agitate this question and bring the attention of the jockey clubs to the matter, some good must come of it that will help the turf and rid it of characters who bring disgrace on this royal sport.

Pendragon says: "Judging by merry little proceedings over the water, in which Messrs. Sullivan, Kilrain and others are personally concerned, we thought it was easy to find States where, though in the next door neighbor's fighting was hanging matter, or, at any rate, a serious offence, you might go as you pleased—just as in some, if you are lawfully married, you remain for your natural life in the bonds of wedlock, willing or unwilling, while in others all you need do to effect divorce a mensa et thoro is to say you feel like that, and give somebody a couple of dollars."

"In the case of Sullivan, who has been found guilty of the offence of prize fighting, on a charge he could not possibly challenge, and as I learn by cable this (Saturday) evening, sentenced to one year's imprisonment, and Kilrain, who is bound to be also convicted, the almighty dollar does not appear to be quite so powerful as it generally is. Or is it possible that the greatest of all advocates among the free and independent was on the wrong side this time? California is still open, but there the ruling club goes in for glove-fighting, not knuckle work, and it seems that, leaving the Pacific Coast out, and some territory where gate might be all right or might not, but which is too far off for the Eastern division, prize-fighting in the United States has more inconvenience attaching to it than there than over here, where one county minds its own business."

"In common with other students of trans-Atlantic tricks and manners, I was rather taken aback on hearing the sentence on the slugger. Twelve months inside is hot, is it not? Among Americans the popular idol is generally, while he is popular, a king who can do no wrong. And there is no denying that Sullivan was an idol, who, after getting deposed from his pedestal, reinstated himself as a demigod by defeating Kilrain. When such a personage breaks the law, especially if his fracture involves no earthly harm to anyone but himself or an opponent who is an altogether free agent a way out is usually found for him. We have yet to hear whether appeal may not be successfully raised against the crushing sentence pronounced on Sullivan. Honestly I hope there will be. I do not believe in the man as a wonder, and never did, but hear very much to his credit in the fight which has got him into so much trouble. I am assured that the accounts sent to England were not by any means truthful, and that the big fellow was attacked in them without justification."

James A. Leavitt, it is said, swam 1 mile at Boston recently in 35 minutes 20 seconds.

The Dauntless Boat Club have opened their new house on the Harlem river. It is situated at 14th street and Lemon avenue.

A special to the "Police Gazette" from Farnhurst, Del., says that recently two dogs, one from Wilmington and the other from Rising Sun, fought according to "Police Gazette" rules for \$500. After they had fought half an hour one of the spectators kicked the Wilmington dog, causing it to release its hold. Its owner claimed a foul, but the referee ordered the dogs to again be placed in the pit. The handler of the Rising Sun dog objected to this, he claiming a victory on account of the Wilmington dog's refusal to fight. The referee awarded the battle to the Wilmington dog. The Rising Sun owner and the referee then began pummeling each other, and in a short time the fight became general. Bloody noses and cut heads were many, but a cry of "police" proved effectual, and all hands fled.

Recently, at St. Louis, Eugene Mercadier, of the Excelsior Rowing Club, successfully swam the river with his arms and legs tied.

FOUR VALUABLE BOOKS—"Cockers' Guide," "Dog Fit," "Police Gazette Card Player," and "Bar-ender's Guide"—all copiously illustrated. Price, 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

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R. F. C. New York.—No.
T. J. Harrisburg, Pa.—No.
M. J. B. Paterson, N. J.—No.
J. McD. Morristown, N. J.—Queensberry rules.
W. C. P. New Orleans.—Ten to ace is the highest.
Tom T. New York.—Yes; at Madison Square garden.
D. H. K. Merrill, Wis.—Neither wins, as the throw is a tie.
S. G. Lafayette, Ind.—Yes; photo received. Many thanks for same.

W. S. Tower, Minn.—Write to the editor of the Evening Journal, Saginaw, Michigan.

M. D. Rochester, N. Y.—Foxall won the Grand Prize of Paris in 1881. Geo. Fordham rode him.

C. F. S. Marshalltown, Iowa.—Have handed your letter over to a dealer in coins for premium list.

X. Y. Z. Dummerston, Vt.—The City of Paris carries the mail; the Britannic has no contract to do so.

S. S. Fall River, Mass.—John L. Sullivan was born in "The Highlands," Boston, Mass., Oct. 15, 1858.

H. S. Brooklyn, N. Y.—Harry Thatcher walked 22 miles 456½ yards in 3 hours, at London, Feb. 20, 1882.

J. Q. Bruce, Wis.—Middle-weight, London prize ring rules, 154 pounds; Queensberry rules, 168 pounds.

J. R. Burlingame, Kans.—Bob Smith, one of the best trainers in America, can be addressed care of this office.

C. O. Sheboygan, Mich.—Will mail you a copy of "Police Gazette Bartenders' Guide" on receipt of 50 cents.

Wm. C. W., Washington, D. C.—Will furnish you a copy POLICE GAZETTE giving full record on receipt of 10 cents.

T. D. Albany, N. Y.—I. Apollo won the Kentucky Derby in 1882. 2. Runnymede finished second, not Bernal. A wins.

J. C. C. Mt. Holly Springs, Pa.—A and B are playing Casino; A builds, then B plays; A builds again; has A the right to do so? Ans: Yes.

M. D. Philadelphia.—1. No. 2. The first dog racing handicap ever run in this country was run in February, 1882. 3. Arthur Chambers.

E. M. C. Duluth, Minn.—Charles Mitchell knocked Sullivan down in their four-round glove contest, May 4, 1883, at Madison Square Garden, N. Y.

CLUB SWINGER, DeLancey, O.—Gus Hill. 2. We can supply you with the best book on club swinging. It is sometimes a feature if the party is a champion.

J. P. Chicago, Ill.—Railroad accidents are of too frequent occurrence to keep a record of whether the casualties are the result of "big winds," big heads or other causes.

INDIAN CLUBS, New York.—Cloth soaked in naphtha or alcohol is generally used. The illuminated glass clubs are Gus Hill's own invention, and no other club swinger uses them.

J. K. Rock Hill.—Jack Dempsey and Donaluck McCaffrey boxed ten rounds, with gloves, January 31, 1888 at the Pavonia Rink, Jersey City, N. J., and Dempsey won easily on points.

H. N. Chicago, Ill.—Yes; Ed Smith of Denver defeated George Le Blanche in a glove contest in that city. Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, is America's middle-weight champion.

CONSTANT READER, Jasper, Minn.—Draw Pedro. A has 15 and B 20; A bids 3 in clubs and holds high, low, game and Pedro. A leads the deuce; B plays the jack and claims game; who wins? B wins.

FIREMAN, Newark, N. J.—Never knew of any middle-weight champion from New Jersey in 1888 or any other year. No doubt there were any number of fighters ready to claim themselves the only original Jacobs.

G. W. New Britain, Conn.—The American Hoyle has long been accorded the position of an intelligent, consistent and reliable arbiter on disputed points on all games played in America. It gives the rules and the American methods of playing.

F. E. Newark, N. J.—Jack Dempsey is the champion middle-weight of America. His match with the Marine, Le Blanche, was not for the championship. Le Blanche exceeded the limit in weight, 154 pounds, and besides it was not under London rules.

CONSTANT READER, New York.—Dr. Harvey Burdell, dentist of 31 Bond street, N. Y., was found murdered in his office on the morning of January 31, 1887. Mrs. Emma Augusta Cunningham, his housekeeper, was tried for and acquitted of the murder. See "Police Gazette" book on subject.

J. S. S., Louisville, Pa.—No, the Dempsey you refer to is Young Dempsey of California, a 125-pound pugilist at present living at Spotswood Falls, Washington Territory. The Nonpareil was but once defeated, and the Marine, Le Blanche, was his victor in 33 rounds, Sept. 27, at the California Club, San Francisco.

HOTEL BRIGHTON, Trenton, N. J.—Jem Mace and Tom Allen fought at Kennerlyville, near New Orleans, La., May 10, 1870. The match, which was for \$5,000 and the championship of the world, was won by Mace in 10 rounds, lasting 40 minutes. The Allen-Goss fight took place Sept. 7, 1876, in Kentucky. Goss won in 21 rounds, 48 minutes. This battle was fought in two rings, the ring being first pitched in Kenton county, and subsequently, owing to magisterial interference, erected in Boone county.

CORPORAL JOSEPH DORLEY, C. K. Tenth Infantry, Oklahoma City.—The distance from curb to curb on Pennsylvania avenue from First to Fifteenth streets, N. W., is 108 feet 5 inches, from Fifteenth to Seventeenth streets from 82 to 85 feet in width, and from Seventeenth street to Rock Creek, 80 feet; on the eastern part of Pennsylvania avenue, that is that portion of Pennsylvania avenue running from the Capitol eastward, there are two carriageways from Second to Eleventh streets, a strip of parking and the railroad being cut through in the center. These carriageways are 38 feet in width. From Eleventh street to Eastern Branch the avenue is as yet not improved. [Note by Editor.—Kindness Chief Clerk, Engineer Commissioner, Washington, D. C.]

E. L. P., Omaha, Neb.—Patsy Cardiff, of Peoria, Ill., now a resident of Minneapolis, Minn., is 27 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches in height, 42½ inches chest, 15½ inches biceps, and strips at 185 pounds. His first fight of any note was with Jim Goode on a flat in the Mississippi river near St. Louis about three years ago. Goode was knocked out in three rounds. He bested Jim McCarney in Chicago in less than four rounds. The Peoria Giant, as he was then known from his birthplace in Peoria, Ill., was then matched against Bill Bradburn, the boss of the Chicago stock yards. Every one was surprised when Cardiff stopped him in 5 minutes in the third round in a four-round contest. Later Cardiff bested Jack King in a four-round contest in St. Louis. Cardiff then went to Philadelphia, where he defeated Denny Keilher and Bill Galt in two contests of four rounds each. Not being able to get any more matches in the East, he returned to Chicago, where he knocked out Ed Crooks in four rounds. His greatest contest was with Billy Wilson, near St. Paul, in June, 1885, for the championship of the Northwest. Wilson was completely knocked out in the ninth round, the time being 25 minutes. His soft glove contests with Prof. John Donaldson, Capt. James Dalton, Jim Brady, Harry McCrossen and others are well known, and in them all Cardiff was declared the winner. Cardiff next met George Rooke. The fight was Cardiff's from the last part of the first round, when by two clean blows he opened Rooke's nose and closed his left optic. Cardiff was declared the winner. He fought a draw with Charles Mitchell, the English champion, on June 11, 1886, in Minneapolis, and a few weeks later beat Billy Wilson, his old antagonist, in an eight-round fight at St. Paul. Cardiff and John L. Sullivan boxed a six-round draw at Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 18, 1887. Sullivan broke his arm in the first round, which will account for Patsy's staying the six rounds.

PUGILISTIC NOTES.

Hite Peckham of Oneida, N. Y., and Billy Welch of Ohio will fight within two weeks for \$250 a side near Buffalo. Dave O'Leary, the light-weight graduate from the Pastime Athletic Club, is looking to get on a match with Walter Haligan of Brooklyn.

Prof. James Connors, of the Buffalo Athletic Club, would like to hear from some good 110-pound fighter that will go to Buffalo and fight for a purse.

John L. Sullivan will give an exhibition at Ed Dillon's athletic grounds, Fishkill-on-Hudson, Sept. 26, the day of the firemen's turnout at that place.

Charles Mulry writes to the "Police Gazette" that he will back Jack Hewson against Pete McCabe, to a finish, for \$500 a side or for a purse, at 125 pounds.

There is good prospect of a finish fight being arranged between Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, and Jimmy Larkin, the undefeated Jersey light-weight, for \$1,000 a side.

Jimmy Hagen, the feather-weight champion of Pennsylvania, who defeated Billy Ferguson and fought a ten-round draw with Frank Murphy, is very quick and clever with his fists.

Jimmy Lynch, who defeated Tommy Danforth in a rattling 22-round go a few weeks ago, offers to go to San Francisco and meet Jack Delaney to a finish in any of the clubs at 120 pounds.

Dan Gallagher, the popular Greenpoint trainer and handler of boxers, will have a benefit on September 30, at Smithsonian Hall, Greenpoint. All the best talent of the locality has already promised to appear for him.

Mike Cushing will be out with a challenge in a month or so, and will give some of the 125 pound men a chance to fight. Mike keeps himself in fair condition by taking daily spins along the Boulevard with Fitzpatrick, the jockey.

The Boston Cribb Club will open its rooms for the winter season on or about Sept. 25. Some very important contests are on the tapis for the winter, and the initial meeting of the club will be for the benefit of Tim McCarty, the instructor of the club.

Tom Allen has challenged Billy Lynch of Staten Island to a finish match for \$100 a side and a purse of \$200. Lynch, in reply to the challenge, says he will meet Allen at any time and place he names to put up a forfeit and complete arrangements for the match.

Jimmy Carroll, the Brooklyn middle-weight, has succeeded in getting on a finish contest with Mike Lucie, of Troy, the present instructor of the Golden Gate Club, of San Francisco. The battle will be for a purse of \$2,000, \$500 to the loser, and will occur on Nov. 15.

Martin Snee, of Haverhill, and Dick Morehouse, of Salem, are to meet again for the third time to fight to a finish with skin gloves for \$500 a side and a purse of \$250, Marquis of Queensberry rules, in a 24-foot ring. The fight will probably occur in New Hampshire, not far from the State line. Snee is hard at work training just outside Haverhill, while Morehouse has the best of attendance at his home in Salem.

James Kelly and Lawrence McNulty fought at Elizabeth, N. J., last week. The fight was with bare knuckles and it lasted nearly half an hour, when McNulty was knocked out. He had his shoulder dislocated and was punished about the head and face. The police arrested Kelly, who was locked up. The spectators of the fight escaped. McNulty was picked up insensible and was sent to the hospital in an ambulance.

Thomas Kelly, Edward Kelly, Thomas Allen, Dan Daly and Archie Flint were arrested at St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 9, on complaint of Sheriff Jesse P. Crume, of Troy, Mo. The men are charged with being fugitives from justice. This is the outcome of the Kelly-Davis fight, which took place about two years ago near Foley, Mo., between Dan Daly and Ed Kelly for the middle-weight championship of Missouri, in which Kelly was beaten.

Fifteen hundred people went to the New York Circus, at Fourth avenue and Thirteenth street, Sept. 9, to attend the benefit of Joe Coburn, the ex-champion heavy-weight pugilist. It had been announced that Coburn would spar four rounds with Donaluck McCaffrey, but when the time for the bout to go on came there was no Coburn around. He had been having a good time during the afternoon and evening and either forgot or did not care to appear.

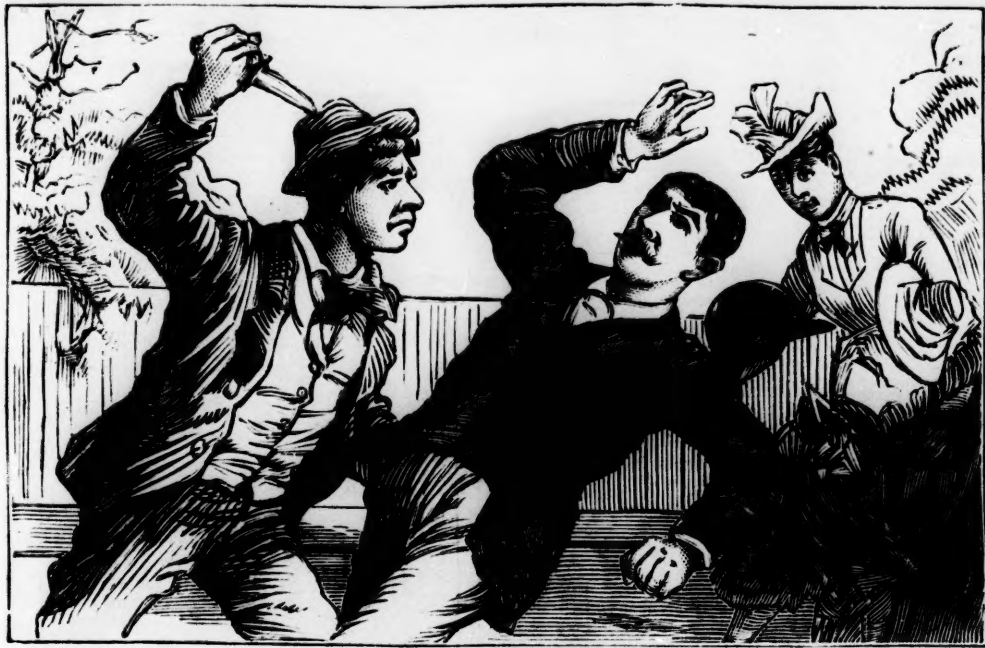
Sam Grant, colored heavy-weight pugilist of Lafayette, Ind., writes the POLICE GAZETTE: "I see in your columns that Wm. W. the colored heavy-weight, is in San Francisco looking for a fight with some one. I would be pleased if you would state in your next issue whether I will meet Mr. Wilson, or any other man, in the California A. C. rooms for a purse of \$2,000, \$1,500 to the winner and \$500 to the loser. I am also a colored man, stand 5 feet 11 inches and weigh 180 pounds in trim. I am willing to meet Wilson or any one for a reasonable purse."

Billy Murray, who through an injury was forced to yield his late fight to the St. Paul Kid, called at the POLICE GAZETTE last week and said he was ready to make a new match with "The Kid" to fight at 110 pounds, with skin gloves to a finish, for \$500 to \$1,000 a side. In their late fight Murray sprained his left wrist and arm with a swinging drive on the "Kid's" head in the first round, and though the wrist and arm gave him much pain he continued fighting for fourteen rounds, when his backers compelled him to stop. Now that he is coming round all right, his backers want to give him another trial with the St. Paul Kid, and they will put up \$500 to \$1,000 in stakes that Murray can do the Kid easily.

Cal McCarthy has written to Boston offering to fight Fordham, the colored boy, for a purse of only \$200 and expenses, which will be about \$300 more, on condition that the winner take all and the loser none, the expense money to be forfeited; he does not win. Cal says regarding the challenge of the St. Joe Kid: "That's about as queer a challenge as I have ever received. If the Kid has a man who will back him for \$1,000, he isn't going to ask me to send him \$15 or \$20 to pay his fare to New York. Besides, it is not necessary for him to come to New York; a two-cent stamp will take a letter to the POLICE GAZETTE, and if he posts a forfeit with any responsible party out where he is and notifies the POLICE GAZETTE, I will cover it then. After he has posted his money he may begin to talk about me paying his expenses for a little trip down this way. I think the challenge is a fake."

Johnny Reagan, the welter-weight champion, arrived in San Francisco on Sept. 8. In a letter to his backer, Billy Reed, Reagan tells of a hearty reception by the California Club and his friends on the Coast. Patsy Hogan, writing of the young Easterner's arrival, says: "Reagan's reception was good and hearty. He was met up the road by Billy Vice and Mr. Gibbs of the California Club, Mike Lucie, Billy Dacey, Jack Delaney, Paddy Gorman, Billy Jordan, Mike Geary of the Call and myself. Every one present was well pleased with his appearance and manners. He is taller and longer in the reach than Young Mitchell, and has inspired some of the betting men with a great deal of confidence. The betting already has commenced at \$100 to \$70 in Mitchell's favor. Denny Keilher and Billy McCarthy of Australia meet at the California Club in December, purse \$1,300. Jack Dempsey said before he left here he will fight any one who comes along near his weight for any decent purse, and he will fight the Marine for anything and let the Marine name the purse. The Marine drives out every day with Donaldson in a buggy with a white horse, his mascot. He is to be seen every day on the road with the same rig. Donaldson starts in next Monday to train Tommy Warren for his fight with F. Murphy. If Tommy ever faces the scratch I think Frank will beat him. Dempsey did not fare so bad at his defeat. He got a month's vacation, \$250, the loser's end, \$500, and has been granted another month's vacation, \$250, which sums up quite good for a loser. He has a contract with the California Club at \$250 a month, as boxing teacher, for twelve months. Every man, woman and child is talking fight here at the present time."

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JOHN BROPHY CUTS THE HEAD OPEN AND SEVERS THE EAR OF CITIZEN JOHN H. MALLON AT A PATERSON, NEW JERSEY, PICNIC.



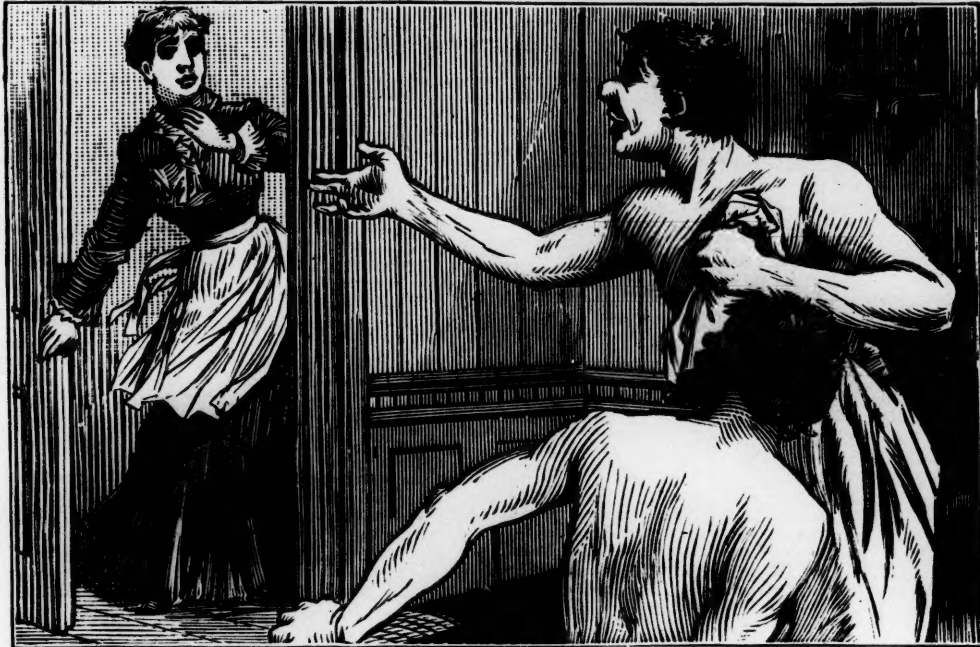
BRAVE IDA WILLIAMS.

A YOUNG STEPDAUGHTER OF GEN. JOHN S. WILLIAMS, OF MT. STERLING, KY. FRIGHTENS A BURGLAR WITH HER DIMINUTIVE GUN.



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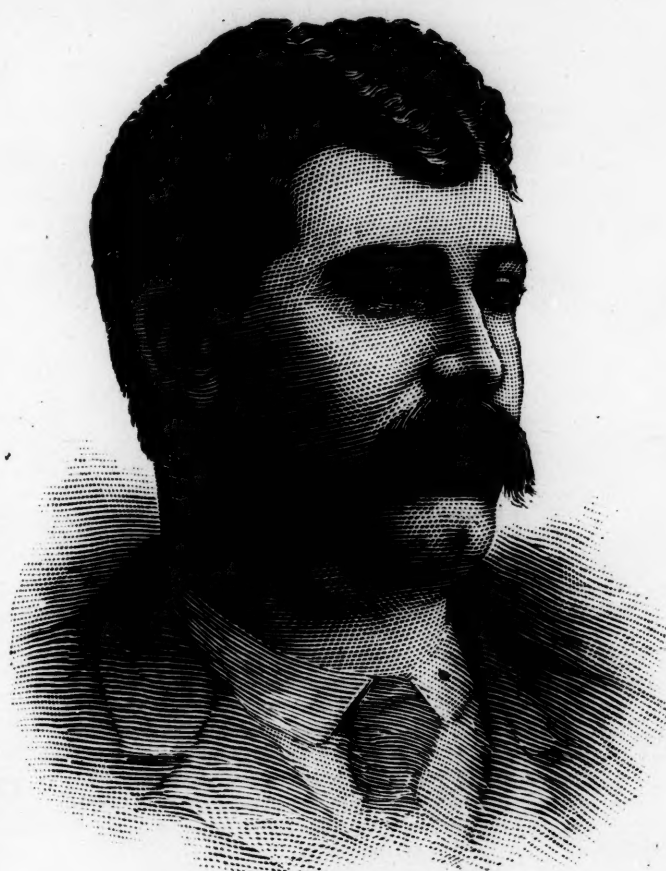
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A SILVER-VOICED BARITONE.

GEORGE DIAMOND, THE FAMOUS SWEET SINGER OF THE WEST, WHO IS AWAY UP IN G.



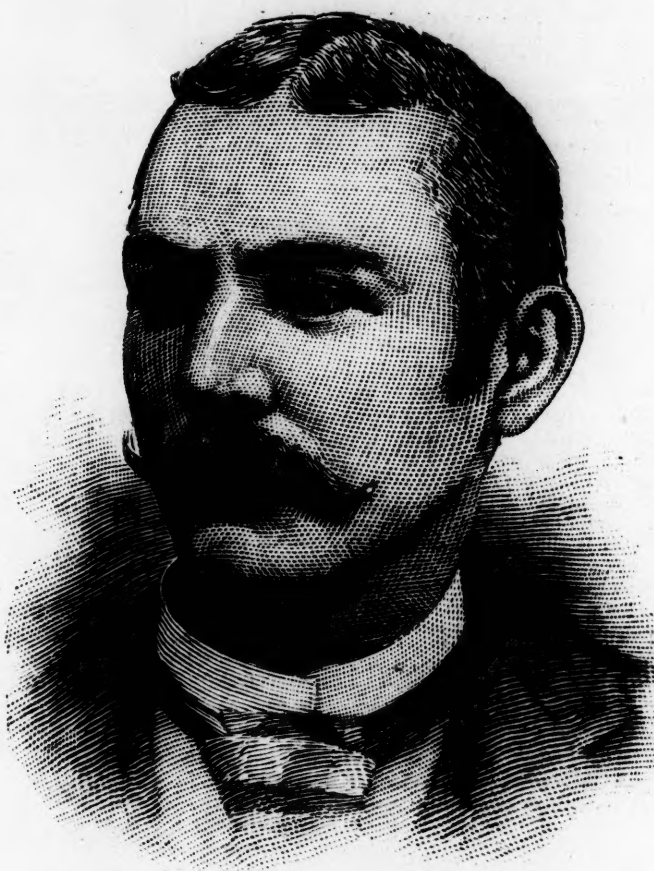
HANDY WITH HIS FISTS.

CHARLEY L. HANKINS, THE WELL-KNOWN SHOULDER-HITTER OF PORT TOWNSEND, WYOMING.



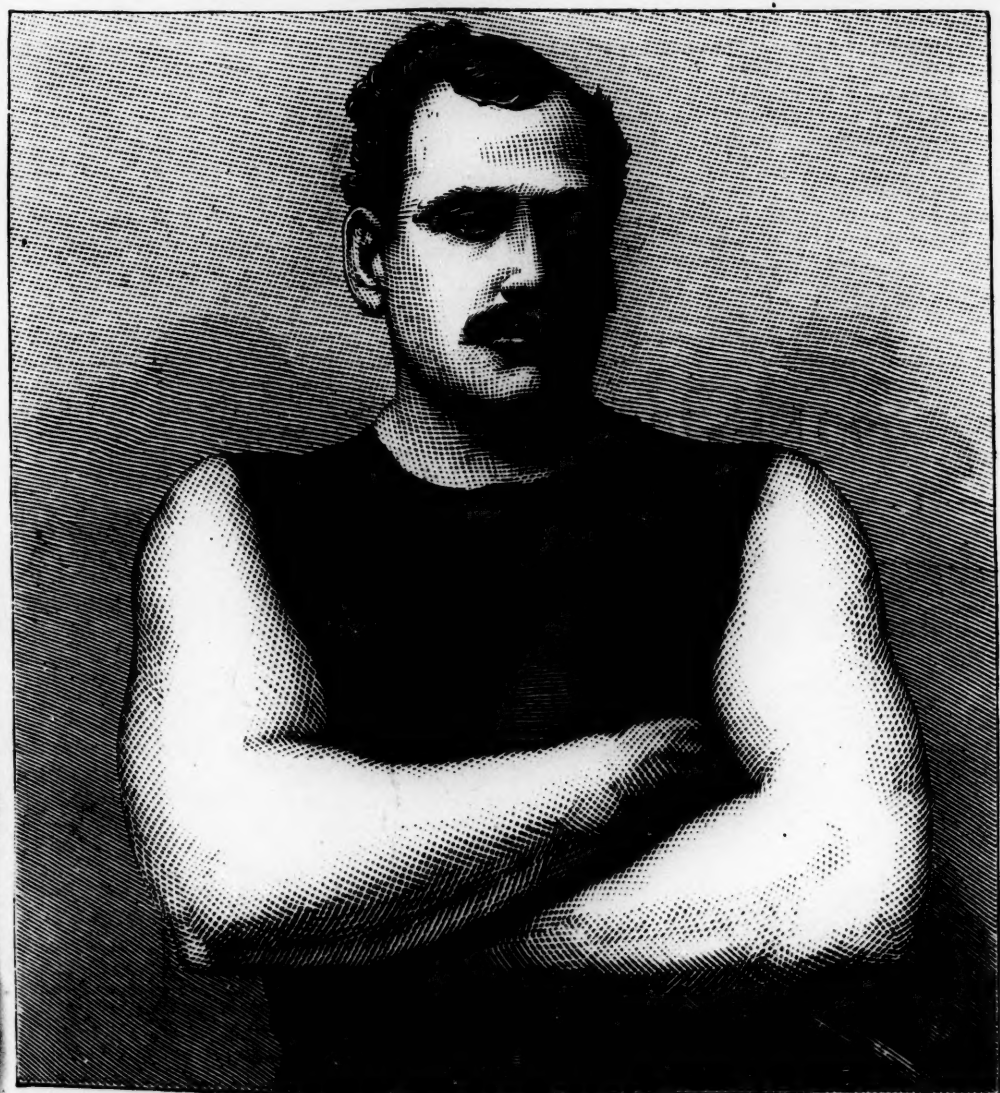
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Jerubeban, 14 drachm.
Belonichia Dica, 14 drachm.
Gelsemin, 8 grains.
Ext. ignatie amara (alcoholic), 2 grains.
Ext. leptandra, 2 scruples.
Glycerin, q. s.

Mix. Make 60 pills. Take one pill at 3 p. m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restoration are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid and debilitated, nervous condition to one of renewed life and vigor. As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$1.00 securely sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages, which will cure most cases, for \$5.

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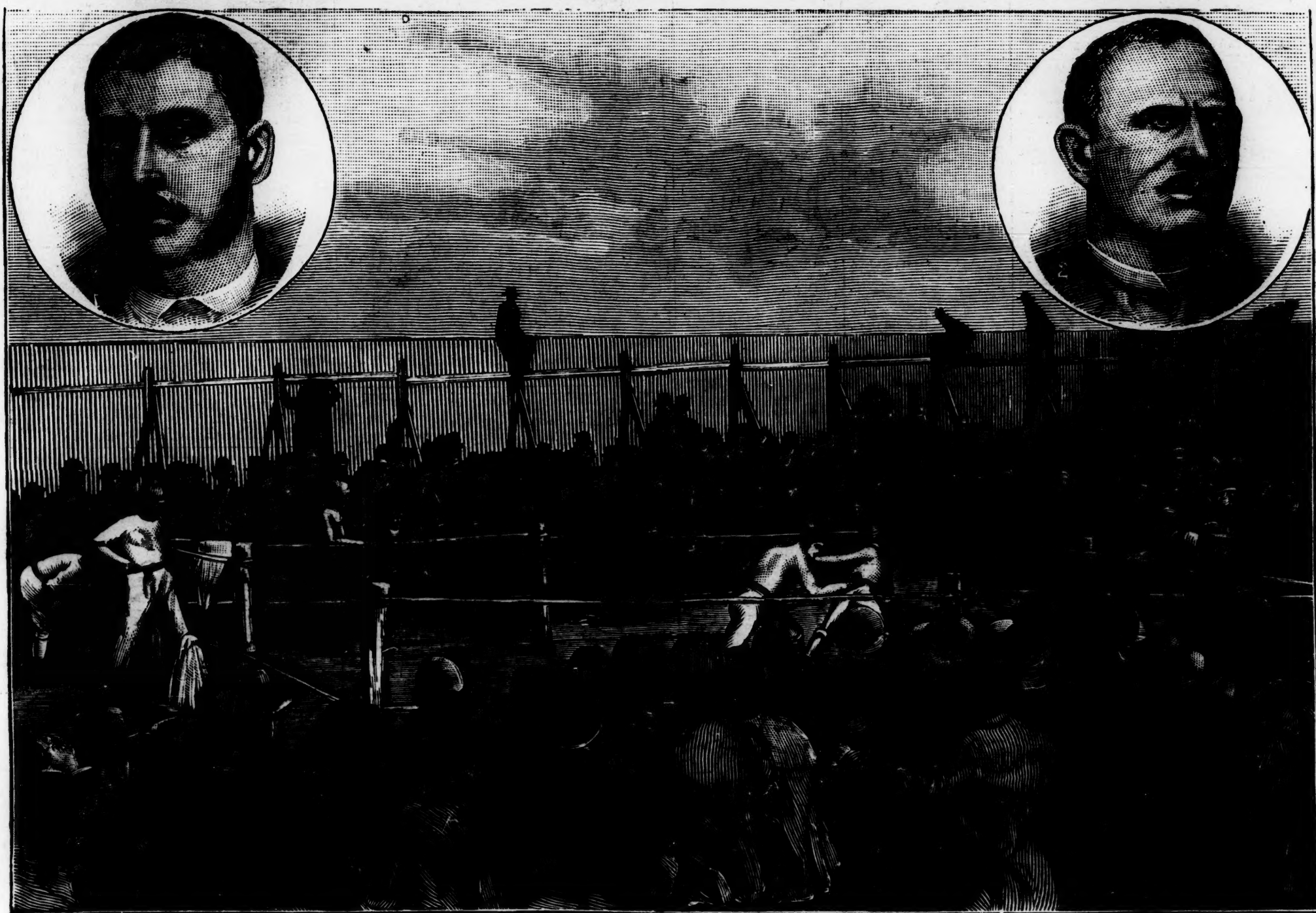
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